

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 322.]

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1875.

[Vol. XIII.

ADVENTURES ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

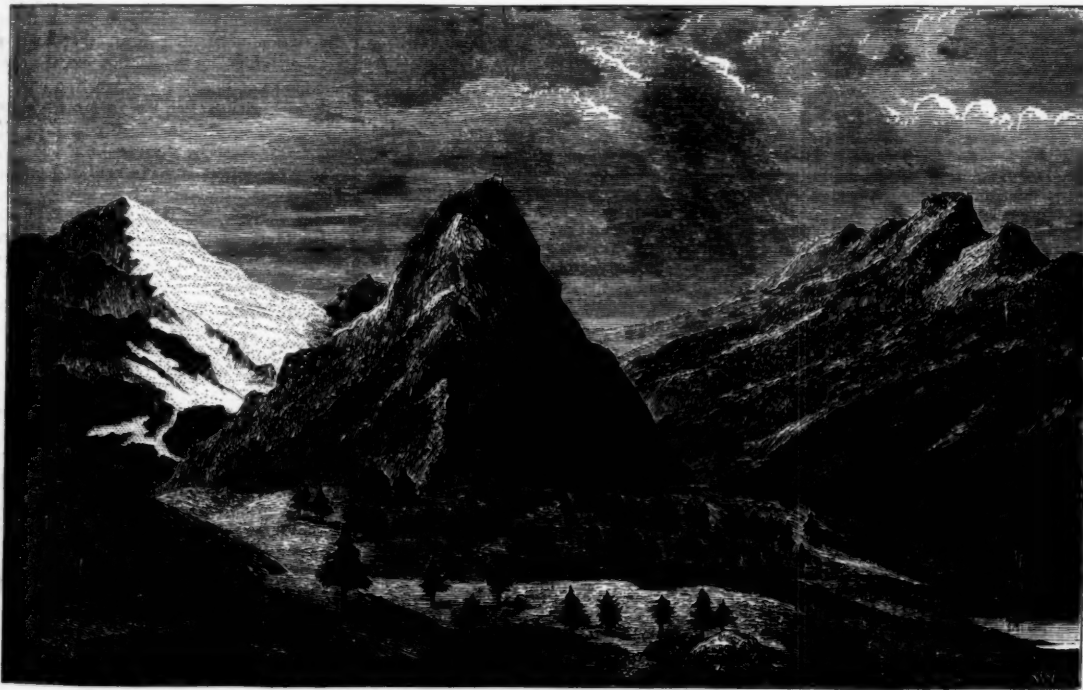
II.

LORD SOUTHESK determined, while the larger section of his party were engaged in killing and curing buffalo-meat, to take a select few and hunt on the range of hills where grizzly bears were reported to be numerous. Nummé, Duncan, and Napesskes the Cree guide, were chosen for the escort. The latter, a clean, good-looking French half-breed, had lived with the Indians so much that he assimilated far more closely to

rich, mahogany-colored skin. His long, straight, black hair was twisted into a quantity of tails bound round with coils of brass-wire.

As they advanced into the country, it entirely changed in its character. Instead of half-dry swamps, with here and there a sand-knoll, they came to a wide, arid prairie, level in character, with here and there an insignificant hill. Far as the eye could reach, the

or Assiniboines, but the tradition is lost, or at any rate was unknown to the guides. It is a range of hills, or rather one continuous hill, extending about ten miles in length; in height it does not exceed a few hundred feet, and its outline is plain and rounded; it is scored by many deep ravines, for the most part overgrown with poplars and thick brush-wood, which form a favorite haunt of the grizzly bear.



VIEW FROM CAMP IN MEDICINE-TENT VALLEY.

them than to the European, both in looks and habits. To honor the occasion, he had arrayed himself in a new coat—no less than a superfine blue-cloth surtout, with gilt buttons, and a high velvet collar of an anciently fashionable cut; but, instead of trousers, he wore leather leggings of the Indian pattern, which reached but a certain way up his limbs, and, when the wind blew back his coat-skirts, there was a strange exhibition of

plains were covered with buffaloes, the great herds streaming in every direction. They could have shot many old bulls, but Lord Southesk forbade any such wanton butchery.

After perhaps twenty miles' traveling under the excessive heat of the sun, they at length beheld, at no great distance before them, the destined camping-place—the Bad Hill. This ominous name relates to some great misfortune that there befell the Crees

A fatal accident happened at this place about a year before Lord Southesk's visit. Two Indians, while gathering berries on the hill, were attacked by a grizzly who was lying concealed among the bushes. One man he instantly knocked down, then seized the other and killed him—meanwhile the first succeeded in making his escape. The Indians are afraid to stop in one particular glen, which is very much frequented by these sav-

age bears; our traveler, however, had no hesitation about camping there, as it had the advantage of a remarkably fine spring of water.

Besides the risk of lurking grizzlies, which did not much trouble them, there was the far more serious risk of Blackfeet war-parties, for this hill lay right in their accustomed path. If they had come, Napesskes's neat, boat-shaped skull would have been shorn of its covering, the Crees and Blackfeet being now at war; the horses, too, would have been taken—if nothing worse.

In the farthest ravine toward the hill's northwestern extremity our sportsman, for the first time, got a glimpse of the object of his search, the most savage wild beast of North America, the *Ursus horribilis* of the naturalist, a large female grizzly bear, with her cub, walking on the high, bare ground, not far from a dense thicket. Our author's narrative is of sufficient interest to be quoted entire, as showing the great caution necessary to be used in attacking this most dangerous animal, and being one of the few instances in which he succeeded in conquering the redoubtable monarch of the Rocky-Mountain glens.

"We immediately gave chase to cut them off from the covert. They were too quick for us, and made good their retreat into its wild recesses long before our arrival within rifle-range. On this Nummé and I dismounted, and, crossing the little stream that ran along the bottom of the glen, now immediately beneath us, we began to ascend the opposite bank near the thicket where the bear was sheltered. Suddenly Nummé called out, 'Shoot!' and, on looking around, I saw the large bear sitting on her haunches, full in view, but not less than one hundred and fifty yards from the place where we stood. The light was indifferent, and the large rifle in my hand was quite unfamiliar to me; having only once been tried at all, and never at long range, I would not attempt the shot at such a distance; meanwhile the grizzly turned back into the bush and began to cross the ravine.

"We returned to the side we had come from, and rejoined Napesskes, who had posted himself at the edge of a bank that commanded a clear view for some way down the descent. Presently a buffalo-bull came rushing out from below, and Napesskes said that he saw the bear strike it as it passed. A minute or two afterward appeared the bear itself. It stopped on a little knoll right below us and about one hundred yards off, reared itself on its hind-legs, and swayed slowly from side to side, staring at us, and trying to get our wind. Quickly putting aside the heavy rifle, I took my favorite Purdery, and fired. The first shot missed; the bear turned itself half round; before it got its fore-feet to the earth I struck it hard and fair with the second shot. It nearly fell over, then partly recovered. We expected it to charge, but, with no attempt to do so, it rushed away into the thickest of the bushes.

"At that moment Nummé (who had gone to the opposite side) saw a bear running rapidly past, and fired both barrels of my No. 12 at it, hitting it, as he rather thought, with one ball. We rode across and joined him.

"We were now on a steep bank, with thick underwood beneath us, and could see the bushes moving to and fro as the wounded bear writhed and raged in his pain; we could also hear its heavy panting, but the beast itself was quite concealed. Presently we heard it splashing in the water just below; and it

lay still, and neither shots nor stones could move it.

"We went down close to the thicket where it was, and watched for a long time. Nummé said that it was lying hid, crouching in readiness to clutch any one who came within reach, and if, as he supposed, it was a female with a cub, it would be doubly savage and dangerous. He assured me it would not do to go into the bush, which, besides being twice as high as a man, was as dense as a common thorn-hedge. I confess I should have been sorry to go in, but, had the hunters advised doing so, of course I should have gone. Napesskes afterward said that he would have been willing, but that Nummé objected. As the former speaks nothing but Cree, and made no signs, I could not say what might have been the extent of his readiness. To go in appeared to me sheer madness.

"We at length determined to leave the place and return in the evening, or next morning, by which time the bear would be dead, or at any rate stiff from its wound; so we rode back to camp and breakfasted.

"During the whole day my attempts to find the animal were useless, and on the following morning, rising at daybreak, I renewed the search. All the party were with me, except Villine, who was to follow with the tent when he had packed the baggage and camp-equipage. On reaching the ravine where we expected to find the grizzly, Nummé, Duncan, and I, crossed over to the place where it had last been moving among the bushes, while Napesskes stopped on the bank I had shot from, to report if any thing broke out that way. Leaving Duncan with the horses, lest they should take alarm at some glimpse of the lurking enemy, Nummé and I then entered the thicket on our knees, creeping along side by side, our weapons on full cock, I carrying the large Dickson rifle, he bringing forward one of my twelve-bore Purdery guns.

"The bushes seemed almost impenetrably thick, but after crawling through the outer brush we found a sort of path about two yards wide. It led to a small pool of water, overarched with thick brushwood, and beside it we saw the grizzly bear lying dead on its back, with its legs outstretched, and its bowels protruding from a hole in the side of its belly.

"Nummé, who, as yet, had supposed it to be a female, now held up his hands in surprise. 'C'est un taureau!' he exclaimed; and sure enough it was, being a male not quite full-grown, about three years old. The tracks of a cub were stamped in the mud all round, most singularly like a child's foot-marks. This brought such thoughts to my mind that I felt almost glad the little bear and its mother had escaped. She had probably slipped away in the bush, while the male, already there, showed himself and got shot.

"At first, on seeing the large wound in the bear's side, I thought Nummé must have hit it with the twelve-bore, but we soon discovered the small round hole where my conical ball had entered, on the right side above the hip, spreading in its passage through the animal's body so as to tear a great ragged hole on the opposite side. Nummé kept all along assuring me that the shot could not have been his, but I thought he might be saying this from mere politeness. Now, however, there could be no mistake; for, though a small bullet may make a large hole, a large bullet cannot make a small one.

"We skinned the bear and took his skull. No object could be more appallingly hideous than a fresh-skinned bear. He is like a monstrous, misshapen man, of giant strength and devilish ferocity—a true Hans of Iceland. His head, especially, all raw and grinning, is 'a thing to dream of, not to tell.'

"Close by the carcass grew a profusion of wild-mint, the very scent of which seemed to draw ugliness from its disgusting neighborhood. I often used to put mint-leaves into my tea to correct the taste of the foul swamp-water; I never did so again. 'From the eater came forth meat, from the strong came sweetness,' was no true proverb for me.

"It was lucky that the bear was dead when Nummé and I crawled up to him, for, on shooting off the Dickson rifle afterward, both barrels hung fire badly, having been too long loaded, and much shaken on the saddle. The check would have thrown out my aim at the critical moment, and we should have been at the mercy of the grizzly, who, in such a thicket, and at such close quarters, would have killed us both, unless the old hunter had shot a good deal better than he had lately made a habit of doing.

"I was vexed to find, on my return to camp, that my absence had lost me the chance of a larger bear than the one I had just brought home. It came prowling about the hunter's camp the very day we started for the Bad Hill, and Tait, while riding alone, discovered it in a swamp, and ran it to bay in a small piece of water, where he shot it without difficulty. It was a full-grown male, and very thin."

Lord Southesk and his party pressed forward toward Fort Carlton through a fine grazing country of undulating character, diversified with many small lakes and poplar-groves, and covered with grass of the richest description, abounding in different kinds of vetches. Looking toward the fort, the opposite banks of the river seemed like an English park, rising after the first steep ascent in gradual slopes, luxuriantly clothed with wood, disposed by Nature in groups and gladed masses, as if some skillful hand had been cutting the forest into forms of symmetry. At the fort they were received with great kindness by Mr. Hendiaty, the officer in charge. The envy of our sportsman was quite aroused by being shown the skin of a grizzly bear of gigantic size, very much larger than the one he himself had shot, which Captain Palliser had killed the year before.

Nummé, the guide—the "old gentleman," as the men always called him—was discharged at the fort, and was presented with the wonderful gun, with some ammunition. The old fellow instantly went and bought a horse from a Cree at a great bargain, the latter having stolen it from a man of his own tribe, whom he knew to be in hot pursuit. Mr. Nummé then made a midnight flitting with his purchase, a wise proceeding on his part, as he would probably have paid the penalty of his scalp had he tarried long.

Two uneventful weeks brought the party of hunters safely to Fort Edmonton, looking down on the broad stream of the North Saskatchewan. They found this one of the most important trading-headquarters of the company, considerably larger than Fort Carlton, the buildings comprised within its limits being also more important in size and character. Immediately in front of the principal gate-way the ground fell suddenly in a deep and almost precipitous descent to the river, which at this point seemed a great body of water, with an apparent width of about two hundred and fifty yards. Up-stream the view was exceedingly pretty, for the elevated banks which confined the channel were picturesque

ly broken, and richly covered with an abundant growth of wood. From each side of the inclosure there dropped a sudden slope to level plateaus near the river-side, the easternmost of which was under cultivation as an arable farm. Here the fort-laborers were cutting wheat, though in those high latitudes the cereal crops appeared to have a poor showing for a fruitful yield.

Consultation with McKay resulted in the determination to leave much of the baggage behind, and depend for the rest of the journey on pack-horses. The route, as roughly mapped out, was to proceed straight to Jasper's-House Fort, and thence southward along the mountain by the Iroquois track as far as Kootam's Plain, or farther if time permitted; after that, over the plains to Fort Carlton. This *détour* of travel, on the return, would introduce a new section of the country to observation, as well as shorten the distance.

Preparations for the change in transportation caused a few days' delay at the fort. Lord Southesk, during this time, learned much about the Indian tribes from Mr. Woolsey, a Wesleyan missionary, and from Mr. Brazeau, the company's superintendent.

As illustrating a peculiarity of the Cree language, the following anecdote was narrated: When speaking of such things as horses, dogs, etc., one must not put the pronoun "my" before the noun, but use a totally different word: for, otherwise, according to the idiom, one would be claiming identity with the object designed to be expressed. There was a certain missionary who wished to call some Indians to drive away one of his pigs, which was doing mischief. Ignorant of the idiom, instead of expressing himself as he intended, he ran shouting about the place, "I am a pig! I am a pig!" to the great delight of the natives.

Mr. Brazeau, who was an American by birth, and had spent many years in the Missouri and Yellowstone country, confirmed all of the traveler Catlin's statements, which had been much decried and disputed, as also the general accuracy of his Indian portraits. The progress made in the conversion of the Indians had not been very rapid, owing to the intemperate haste of the missionaries to work a radical change too quickly. A Blackfeet chief had lately spoken plainly on the subject. "Tell the priest," he said to Mr. Brazeau, "that, if he wishes to do any thing with my people, he must no longer order them to put away their wives. I have eight, all of whom I love, and who all have children by me—which am I to keep and which put away? Tell those who have only one wife not to take more; but do not talk about putting away wives already married."

This chief, however, injured the moral force of his remarks by going on to say that his eight wives could dress a hundred and fifty skins in the year—whereas, a single wife could only dress ten, supposing she were always well, and that such a loss of property was not to be thought of. He also told the priest not to object to rum-drinking, as the love of it formed part of the very nature of his people. These evils, he said, time might cure, but they must not be too vehemently opposed at present.

The religious services held at the post were subject to peculiar accidents. "A converted Indian officiated as clerk and led the singing, and, but for some trifling mispronunciation, one could hardly have known him from an Englishman acting in the same capacities. While we sat in solemn silence just before the prayers began, a little boy ran down the passage outside, and suddenly struck up an Indian war-song, 'Hi, hi—ah, he—ah!' or some such sounds, in the shrillest of tones, half yelp, half howl, with an inconceivably ridiculous effect. There was a momentary struggle, then one universal roar of laughter."

In conversation with Mr. Brazeau, Lord Southesk learned some interesting details about Pe-toh-pee-kiss (the Eagle-ribs), a celebrated Blackfeet chief, mentioned in Catlin's book. The superintendent spoke of this chief as a great warrior and a noble fellow, though he had slain eleven white men, mostly free trappers, with his own hand. It was largely in self-defense, however, as they had made treacherous attacks on him when he was seeking to arrange the terms of truce.

On one occasion he had charge of letters for a Mr. Vanderbirt, but that gentleman being at the head of a large party it was not safe to approach him rashly; so Eagle-ribs and his people halted in concealment a little way off, to paint themselves and prepare for a formal advance. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Vanderbirt and three of his men went forward to reconnoitre—the discovery of a newly-killed buffalo having raised the suspicions of the party, though their leader himself would not believe that any Indians were near.

These reconnoiterers, unluckily, rode straight into the middle of the concealed Blackfeet, who quietly formed a circle round them, then suddenly sprang up and attempted to seize them—with no bad intention, but merely to secure hostages for their own safety when approaching the white men's camp. Mr. Vanderbirt, however, at once fired at the nearest Indian, killing him on the spot, and then rode for his life, but ere he had well started his horse was shot, and in falling pinned his leg to the ground.

He rose on one knee, drew a pistol, and drove the muzzle into the face of an Indian who was rushing upon him, pulling the trigger at the same time; but he had not observed that the cock was bolted, there was no discharge, and he only succeeded in gashing his opponents' cheek by the force of his blow. The other Indians immediately took their knives and cut Mr. Vanderbirt in pieces.

Pe-toh-pee-kiss soon afterward came to Mr. Brazeau, and explained the occurrence. He brought with him the unfortunate man's pistols, which were subsequently sent to his relations; the rifle he could not bring, for it had been buried beside the warrior it had slain.

A short while after this event, Pe-toh-pee-kiss went toward an American party, and attempted to treat for peace. A few Americans rode to meet him, headed by a man named Bridger. This villain, desiring revenge on the Blackfeet, treacherously concealed his rifle between his leg and the sad-

dle, and, when stooping down to shake hands with Eagle-ribs, he secretly pushed the weapon forward and fired. Happily, the Indian saw the trick in time to save himself, though the bullet cut away the powder-horn that hung on his chest. Upon this the Blackfeet fired at Bridger, slightly wounding him, and, as he galloped off, lodged several arrows in the lower part of his back.

One of the party was a Spaniard, who was married to a Blackfeet woman. She had just then ridden over to the Indians to see her brothers, and to interpret between the two sides. As soon as the firing began, the Indians seized her, but her horse escaped and came back to the Americans, with her little baby hanging to the saddle in its upright cradle of boards. If parted from its mother, the child was sure to die. So the poor father declared he would risk his own life for its sake, and he rode boldly with it to the Blackfeet. They received him kindly, and gave the baby to its mother, but refused to let her go back. They invited her husband, instead, to join the tribe. He could not do so then, he told them, but would after he had fulfilled his present engagements—a promise which he faithfully kept.

Pe-toh-pee-kiss was a Blood Indian, one of the three great divisions of the Blackfeet nation—viz., the Blackfeet proper, the Blood tribe, and the Pieguns. The Blood Indians have among them comparatively fair men, with gray eyes, and hair both finer and lighter colored than is usual in the case of pure Indians. The savage name is derived not from any cruelty of disposition, but because it is a point of honor not to war for mere plunder, but only to seek for the blood of their enemies.

While staying at the fort, Lord Southesk bought from a half-breed a knife of what is called the *dag* pattern, a heavy, flat, double-edged blade about eight inches long, of triangular shape, tapering to a point from a width of some two and a half inches at the base. The Edmonton hunters always carry very strong and large knives, for the purpose of cutting through branches when traversing the dense fir-woods that cover a great part of the country; some of them use extremely heavy ones, half knife, half axe, like a narrow sort of butcher's cleaver, with a point instead of a squared-off end, or perhaps more resembling the peculiar Oriental sword so often represented in old pictures and engravings. These demi-bills were originally copied from a weapon borne by one of the hill-tribes of India.

When our traveler left Fort Edmonton it had reached the middle of August, and the hot days were followed by bitterly chilly nights. Several of the men were taken ill, and their leader's medical skill was taxed to cure the severe fits of cramp-colic with which they were afflicted. He then had occasion to regret his neglect to bring a store of brandy with him, this being the most effective cure in such cases. Nothing more serious than annoyance and delay, however, resulted.

After crossing the Pembina River they entered a wooded country, full of underbrush and fallen logs. No woollen clothes, not even the stoutest, could stand the horrible thick-

ets, full of sharp ends of broken branches of dead fir-trees concealed among the unyielding foliage of the young poplars. Our traveler clad himself in a leather hunting-shirt, which proved an excellent protection against the thicket with its hardened spikes. All the men had come out in leather since entering the wood, and looked far more picturesque and sportsmanlike than when dressed in their blue-cloth *capotes*. Some of them mounted little blue caps with gay streamers, after the fashion of Saskatchewanland, where the taste is more fanciful than in the graver region of Fort Garry.

The route, day after day, was most fatiguing. In many places the track was barely wide enough for a loaded animal to pass between the trees, and it was generally so soft and deep, from the effects of former traffic on such wet and sponge-like soil, that the horses were forever trying to escape from the treacherous, boggy ditch in which they found themselves. Leaping to one or the other side of the trench, they endeavored to make their way along the firmer margin; but there was seldom much room there; so, after a struggle that displaced or scattered their packs, down they inevitably plunged, and continued their floundering in the mire. In riding it was the same thing; no power or skill could keep one's horse in the narrow, slimy track. The knees of the riders were covered with bruises from the rough friction of the fir-stems through which they had to pass in traversing the stunted forests. On crossing the McLeod River the way became more open and easy of passage.

Lord Southesk had now his first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. The sky had been checkered with thunder-showers, when at last the clouds blew over, and the day became sunny and pleasant. The English traveler rode forward with old Antoine, and, presently arriving at the brow of a hill that overhangs the Embarras River, a glorious sight opened upon his view—the Rocky-Mountain range, stretching along the horizon far as the eye could reach. Below them rolled the river among dark pines; hills, also covered with pines—some black and scorched with fire, some green and flourishing—filled up the prospect for many miles; then came flat, bare eminences, the footstools of the loftier range, and then uprose the mountains themselves, rugged in form, peaked and tabled, and scored with gashes—not magnified hills, but rocks in the very archetype. Too remote to display any smaller modulations, they rose flat against the blue sky, themselves all steeped in a soft, mellow gray from summit to base; but, in certain ravines, and on some of the high shoulders of the greater peaks, spots and masses of snow glittered in the sun, or looked cold as death where no rays were able to reach them.

With feelings almost too deep for utterance, Lord Southesk turned to Antoine, hoping to find in him some sympathetic response. His eyes gleamed and sparkled; with a pleasant smile he pointed first to the nearer hills, then to the grand range that stretched far away beyond. "Monsieur Milord," said he, with impressive earnestness, "il n'y a pas des moutons ici; mais là-bas—ah!"

The Embarras River, which lay in the line of their route, winding through a deep, narrow valley, was so sinuous that one day it was necessary to cross it thirty-seven times—luckily a feat of no very great difficulty, or there would have been serious delay, as well as discomfort.

After leaving the Embarras, and entering the valley of the Medicine River, the mountains towered before them in magnificent relief.

They continued their march up the river amid scenery of surpassing grandeur. On the left, as one proceeds, the heights are less grand, running more in a plain, continuous ridge, but on the right there is a far higher wall of rock, which is broken by a succession of glorious peaks, while lower precipitous spurs, divided by deep, rocky glens, run outward to the river.

Among the loftier mountains the most are pyramidal; a few are more rounded in form; some are decorated with great masses of snow glittering on their northern sides; others are utterly unclothed, except upon their grassy, pine-clad feet; but all agree in one thing—they are rock, absolute rock, without admixture of other substance. Sometimes the rocks are placed in steep piles one above the other, like heaps of gigantic slates, far often they are disposed in a succession of rugged, precipitous ridges. Sometimes wide tracts are covered with shingly fragments; sometimes the strata whirl in such curious fashion that far-spreading spaces look like vast stores of petrified trees upheaved in the ruin of a dismantled world.

The rivers are shallow and rapid, rushing over pebbly beds; they are generally clear, but of an opaque green or muddy brown when the snow is melting fast. Their banks are bordered by wide belts of pine-trees—chiefly Scotch and silver fir, but not without a sprinkling of spruces. These trees are small, being kept down by the cold and by frequent avalanches of snow or stones; except a few gnarled old patriarchs, none are larger than an ordinary fir of thirty years' growth.

One day the party passed through the ruins of a subordinate mountain, which had fallen as if shivered by lightning, and covered hundreds of acres with shattered rocks broken into the most fantastic forms.

The changes of temperature were very sudden in these elevated valleys. At noon the travelers were hiding from the burning sun in any shade that could be found; in the evening they were trembling in the icy wind of a premature winter; but there were no mosquitoes, and cold, heat, wind, rain, fog, any thing, were welcome if only these tormentors were cut off!

On one occasion, while waiting in one of the defiles of the foot-hills for the rest of the party to arrive, our traveler is struck with the picturesque appearance of the little cavalcade. The gallant party topped the crest of a low hill, fair to view, ribbons streaming, guns swaying, whips flashing, gay colors sparkling in the sun, some approaching at a quick trot, others dashing after vagrant steeds, or urging the heavy-laden pack-horses, who jogged along like elephants with castles on their backs—all life, dash, rattle, and glitter, they formed so bright a picture, so grand-

ly backgrounded by the stately rocks, so gayly foregrounded by the crisp, green sward.

"All of them carried guns; all, except three, were dressed in fringed leather hunting-shirts—of every color, from the yellow of newness, and the white of new-washedness, to the blood-stained brown of extreme antiquity, as displayed in Antoine's venerable garment. McKay, powerful in form and strong of muscle, broad-chested, dark, and heavily bearded, with a wide-brimmed black hat and unfringed buff coat, and bestriding a large brown horse, resembled some Spanish cavalier of old; while Matheson, mounted on an active little dun pony, with a blue Saskatchewan cap, gay with bright ribbons, over his long fair hair, and broad belts of scarlet cloth across his chest—tall, straight, and merry—was the image of a gallant young troubadour, riding in smart undress to the tournament.

"McBeath, lengthy of stature, dark, mustached, and bearded, grave and calm, with a military belt and a rifleman's sword, looked like an ex-life-guardman, half in uniform; and this martial resemblance was heightened by the red blanket that served as his saddle-cloth, and contrasted richly with the coal-black horse that carried him. Kline, viry and active, riding Lane—that fine old white mountain-horse, which few but he could capture when loose on the plains—made a gay and cheerful show; his broad-brimmed white hat, with its wavy blue-ribbon streamers, perched upon long, curly, black hair, and shading a clever, well-bearded face; his chest surmounted by belts of silver and red brocade.

"Next came Munroe—tall, strongly yet lightly framed, wearing a short canvas hunting-shirt belted round the waist with leather, and cross-belted with much-embroidered cloth of black; then Short, formed like a Greek statue, strong and very active, but of no great height, wearing a handsome pouch of leather, ornamented with blue-and-white beads—hardy fellows both, of showy, dashing air, ready to do aught that might become a man.

"Duncan, dressed in strong sand-gray shooting suit and flannel shirt, wearing a stout, wide-awake hat, and carrying a double-gun in its plain, water-proof cover, looked every inch the worthy Scotsman that he is. Near him rode Toma, the brave Iroquois canoe-man, leather-shirted, darkly and simply dressed, slow in the movement of his massive limbs, with swarthy face, and small black eyes, grave in their expression though often twinkling with humor—a most faithful and excellent fellow.

"Then Lagrace, that original and amusing old man, in a purple-cotton shirt, tight but very long and wrinkled trousers, a white-blanket skullcap, enriched with peak and ears and decorated with streamers of scarlet cloth, beneath a battered eagle's feather, which probably had once enriched the tail of some Indian horse—that keen-witted, ancient traveler, who always did things different from other men, led when they drove, waked when they slept, drank cans of strong tea at dead of night, walked out all alone and slew queer animals with sticks and stones, while all the rest were at their meals—that quaint old jester who enlivened our halts after the weariest marches on the dullest days by all manner of strange devices, scalp-dances round the kettle-lid, Cree war-songs, sudden wrestling-matches with Antoine (in which the old aggressor always got the worst), jokes in the most astonishingly-broken English—to whom or what shall he be likened, with his brown parchment skin, keen aquiline nose, piercing black eyes, long wild locks, and half-mockingly smiling, small and thin-lipped mouth? I know not, unless Mephistopheles has a twin-brother!"

OLD NAZAR'ITCH.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF POGOSKY.

IV.

EARLY one frosty morning old Nazar'itch was dragging home from the forest a load of dry brushwood. When he issued into the road he observed a curious sort of track on the freshly-fallen snow. It seemed to be the track half of a man, half of a wolf; you could clearly see the print of a boot, then came a round and deeper print, with a short furrow to it, as though the wolf had trailed his paw for some distance along the ground.

"Hem! he is come at last!" muttered Nazar'itch to himself, and hastened home. His one-legged friend was standing on the porch, and received him with his habitual greeting—"All health to my friend Nazar'itch!"

"Welcome, my much-loved guest!"

It is needless to detail with what demonstrations of joy, such as clapping his hands and snapping his fingers, Arkhip'itch listened to his comrade's tale of how the Lord had sent him such wonderful good-fortune in his old days. The old warrior was so excited that he forgot all about his intention of leaving early, and, when he did remember it, darkness had set in, the wind was howling dismally, and a snow-storm was coming on.

"Come, brother, you must make up your mind to stay the night with me," said the host; "a good master will not send his dog abroad in weather like this."

Then the two old fellows once more settled themselves down comfortably to talk, and at last Nazar'itch proposed that his friend should come and stay with him. It would be very nice; whoever died first would have his eyes closed by his friend, and the boy would not be left quite alone just at first.

"It is a good plan, and I see no objection," replied Arkhip'itch; "however, I will talk it over with my people."

While they were thus deep in pleasant conference, they suddenly heard the dog's loud bark from the road.

"He must smell a wolf," remarked the guest; but the host at once replied that this was not his wolf-bark. He knew the animal's ways, and always could tell by his bark whether he gave notice of the approach of beast or man.

"Vassilutka," he said to the boy, "put on thy furred coat, and run out and see who is there."

The boy went out, whistled to the dog, and returned in a few minutes, covered with snow and looking very frightened.

"Grandfather," he reported, "there is somebody lying on the road frozen to death, I think. I felt him all over with my hands, and he did not stir."

"Lord, have mercy on us!" exclaimed both men, and, rushing out, soon returned, carrying between them the body of a woman, lifeless to all appearance.

They lit a dipped candle, brushed the snow from the poor creature's garments, and carefully examined her. She was young, and had a pleasant face, but it was white as wax;

while her lips were stiff and blue. The half-closed eyes were filled with snow, and she did not show the slightest sign of animation. These dreadful symptoms, however, did not deter the two experienced campaigners from attempting to recall her to life.

"Quick, Vassilutka," cried the host, "get some snow! open the door, let in the cold air! Help me to undress her, Arkhip'itch! light a fire and have some boiling water ready!"

All these orders were quickly obeyed; but, first of all, they laid the woman on the floor and began to rub her with snow. Long and patiently did they work, without apparent success. She lay there motionless as a corpse; her dark hair was scattered about her in tangled profusion; the hands were stiff and bluish. It was a long time before the color began to return to her cheeks, but it did at last, and then she heaved a long sigh, and groaned.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Arkhip'itch, "why, it is Mitr's wife, Olga, from the neighboring village! Only think, and I not to know her! It is she, indeed!"

They poured a few drops of whisky between her parted lips; she swallowed it mechanically; they applied to her nose a bit of burned rag—she sneezed.

"Thank Heaven!" devoutly whispered the veterans.

All of a sudden she opened her eyes quite wide, half lifted herself from the floor, raised her hands to her breast, and, crying, "My baby! my boy!" once more fell senseless on her back.

"Now we may give her something warm," said Nazar'itch, and poured into her mouth a spoonful of hot infusion of mint.

"My God! I had quite forgotten: she has got a baby whom she is nursing!" again exclaimed Arkhip'itch, "quite a little mite of a boy. I have seen him."

"Lord, Lord! what can all this mean?" whispered Nazar'itch.

Gradually the young woman recovered her consciousness. Her body and hands were now burning hot, but she was trembling violently, and her teeth chattered as in a fit of fever.

"Now we must try and make her warm," said Nazar'itch, shutting the door of the *izba*. After she had swallowed a considerable quantity of hot mint-ten, and when they had wrapped around her all the warm clothing that could be produced, her head dropped gently on her shoulder, and she fell into a doze, which lasted for a good hour. Then she awoke and begged that they should seat her on the bench. They did so. She looked around with weary eyes, mused a moment, then burst out crying and wringing her hands, and all their efforts to soothe her were completely vain.

"Oh, why did I not die! It had been better for me to freeze to death," she sobbed. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Put thy trust in God, dear! Do not take on so!" the old men kept repeating to her, but she did not heed them.

"Oh, you don't know!" she tried to explain at last; "I am undone! My children, my own ones, they will all perish!" Her

sobs grew quieter and less loud, till they died away into a low wail, but anon they broke forth anew with increased violence; her breast heaved as though it would burst, and her tears again flowed in torrents.

These gushes of tears perhaps saved the woman's life or her reason. When they had wellnigh exhausted her strength, she found words—incoherent, indeed, and still interrupted by weeping—to tell her great sorrow—a sorrow so great that truly she might feel it bitterer than death.

Her husband had been sent by his chiefs from the district court to the provincial court with a packet containing several papers and a sum of money. Feeling chilled by the severe frost, he had entered a tavern to warm himself. He had taken a glass of whisky, and, not being used to it, he had at once felt the intoxicating effect of the spirits, which always act quickest on people coming in from the cold air into an overheated and close tavern-room. Some men who were sitting there observed the packet in his cap. They treated him to another glass; it made him quite tipsy, so that he fell asleep, and they took the money out of the packet. He, all unconscious of the fact, brought the papers to their destination. As soon as it was ascertained that the money was gone, he was placed under arrest. There was an investigation, but, of course, the tavern-keeper would know of nothing, and so nothing was found out. The stolen sum amounted to three hundred rubles,* and now, if the unfortunate man did not pay these three hundred rubles himself, he would suffer the sentence of the law, and that was—a severe whipping and deportation.

"I have tried every one that I could think of among the good people of our neighborhood," Olga went on to say; "I knelt to them, I implored them to help us. But who would give us any thing when there is just nothing at all in our hut? We had a fire last year, and it left us completely destitute. Even the few cattle we had were all burned to death."

"She speaks truth," remarked Arkhip'itch; "I remember all about it; the Lord has, indeed, heavily visited them, and I believe her husband is not of the drinking sort."

"Had he been a drunkard, do you think they would have trusted him with such a lot of money?" she replied. "It was God's own will, that's all! And he so quiet, so industrious! Truly, the Lord has stricken us down, and nothing can save us. He doomed my three little children, my darling birdies, to be orphans! O Lord! O Lord!"

And the poor woman again wept and sobbed with such violence that she fell from the bench. They lifted her up, laid her down on the bed, and gave her some more mint-tea to drink.

"My baby! my boy!" she now cried, in an agony that was dreadful to behold.

Nazar'itch stood a while frowning, with his gaze riveted to the floor. Then he turned it on the holy images, then on his grandson, and again fixed it on the floor. Suddenly he raised his head, took an axe and a candle, and, bidding Vassilutka throw on his furred

* About two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

coat, nodded to him to follow him out of the room. They went out together. Brave Arkhip'itch, who had been looking at the old man in some perplexity, felt something like a thrill of awe at these strange proceedings, which were incomprehensible to him.

Nazar'itch, meanwhile, stepped out into the yard. The snow-storm was raging furiously; the wind howled, and the snow-flakes came drifting down in an almost compact mass; it was with the greatest trouble that he kept the candle from being blown out by shading it with his hand, then with his own person, while he opened the door of the store-chamber. When they had entered it, he closed the door carefully.

Then he stood a while, with his axe in one hand, silently looking at the boy. The light fell full upon the round and rosy upturned face gazing at him with childish wonder and curiosity.

"Thou knowest, Vassiutka, that thou hast some money?" the old man asked him, in a calm and steady voice.

"Yes, grandfather; I have got just fourteen kopecks,"* readily answered the boy. "I have been hoarding them ever so long to buy some gingerbread and a knife at the next fair."

The old man smiled.

"You have got more than that, my boy. Did you hear the young woman say just now how wicked people stole three hundred rubles from her husband, and how he is to suffer for a bad action which he did not commit?"

"Yes, grandfather, I heard every word."

"Well, if you had got three hundred rubles of your own, what would you do with them?"

The boy mused.

"But I have not got so much. I have got fourteen kopecks; I count them over every day."

"But, suppose you had three hundred rubles, would you give them to her?"

"I will give her the money I have; the knife can wait. I will not mind it much."

The old man kissed the boy's curly head.

"Hold the candle a minute," he said; and, stooping down in a corner of the chamber, he removed a basket with bran, a small cask, and sundry articles of crockery. With his axe he lifted one of the deal-boards, groped under it with both hands, and drew forth a small stone jug tied over with a bit of rag. Then he put down the board again, fixed it in its place with a stroke or two of the back of his axe, and replaced every thing just as it had been before.

The boy was sitting on his heels, and holding the candle all this time, eagerly following all these proceedings with wondering eyes. When all was over he rose, and, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, asked, in a whisper:

"What is this, grandfather?"

"It is money, child, and that money is your own. There is a good deal here. And now go, and give it all to that young woman, that she may ransom her husband, the father of her little children. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand," joyfully exclaimed the boy, taking the jug from the old man's hands.

"Yet stay a while and listen to me: if you are not sorry for the money, give it her; but remember that, when you grow up, you must never think with regret of what you have done this day, for that would be a sin."

The boy tossed his head, and smiled gayly.

"I will never be sorry for the money. I don't mind it at all. But when shall I see those little children?" he asked. "Where are they?"

"We will ask all about them."

"All right, grandfather!"

When the old man had locked the chamber-door and reentered the *izba* with Vassiutka, he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, to restrain his eagerness.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I must talk to her first."

The young woman was lying on the bed, and tossing to and fro under the influence of grief and sickness, but fully conscious. The experienced veteran, however, knew that if the means of saving her husband were suddenly given to her without preparation, so great joy would prove too much for her, and she might break down altogether, as snaps the overstrained string if incautiously let off all at once, tearing out even the peg round which it was wound, and coiling itself into a hapless tangle.

And even now, though Nazar'itch approached the sufferer with the utmost caution, trying to come round to the subject almost imperceptibly, yet when, thinking he had sufficiently prepared and soothed her, he said to her, in his gentlest tones: "Not from us, nor from our pride, but from God's mercy, and out of a child's pure hands, receive this assistance, young woman;" and when Vassiutka, on a sign from his grandfather, placed the stone jug on the bed before her, laying down by the side of it his own private hoard of fourteen kopecks, even now she started up wildly, her eyes grew unnaturally bright, and she stared at the jug without fully realizing what it all meant.

"I believe you will find here enough to ransom your husband," tenderly whispered Nazar'itch to her.

The young woman, with trembling eagerness, took hold of the jug with one hand, while with the other she pulled away the rag which covered it with such violence that she upset the whole, and the coins, large and small, rolled down jingling, and were dispersed all over the floor. She, poor thing, threw herself from the bed down upon the ground, tried to gather and pick them up, but fell into a long and uncontrollable fit of nervous laughter, till she once more swooned away. Again the old soldiers nursed and tended her; they sprinkled her with water, they made her drink, and, when she came to herself, tears once more relieved her oppressed heart.

They had some difficulty, however, in persuading her to stay till the morning, and wait for the end of the snow-storm. She would lie still one moment, and the next she would jump up again, and, kneeling now to the old

men, now to the little boy, entreat to be sent home without delay—now—at once. Of course, they would not hear of it. They did not sleep, but busied themselves with her all through the night; but Vassiutka huddled himself together as best he could, and slept as only a child could have slept under the circumstances.

At the earliest peep of dawn the young woman dressed herself. She was pale and very weak. Both veterans prepared to accompany her, and were just taking leave of Vassiutka, after having taken their staffs, when they heard a horse's tramp on the road. Nazar'itch stepped out, hailed the peasant who was just passing his door, and easily prevailed on him to drive the young woman to her village in his sledge for a trifling remuneration. Arkhip'itch took charge of her, and sat down beside her, bidding his friend stay at home.

"God bless you!" cried Nazar'itch to them, as the peasant flourished his short whip and slightly touched with it his little shaggy gray horse; and after that he followed them with his eyes till they disappeared in the distance, noiselessly gliding along the soft white road. Then he went back into the cottage, and stood a long time gazing at his sleeping grandchild. The sun's first rays, kindling behind the trees, suddenly poured into the room and illumined the boy's healthy face, smiling in his sleep.

V.

AND this is the whole story, or nearly all. Indeed, what could we tell more? for what more could a poor man do? He had given his all, ten years' boardings, amassed and cherished for little Vassiutka's sake. And Vassiutka had given his own fourteen kopecks, and now you might have searched the whole *izba*, and dug up its very foundations, without finding in it one copper coin.

The money was all gone, but a great and holy joy had descended into the heart of the good old man, who had despoiled himself of all his earnings in order to ransom the blood and freedom of a brother in Christ, though personally unknown to him. There were none to know of his action and to praise it, but he never thought of that; what he had done had not been done for men, but for God, and he thanked him devoutly that he had given him the strength to make so great a sacrifice. Although he dearly loved his grandchild, although he felt that his strength was failing him daily, and that Vassiutka must soon be left alone and without a penny, still he firmly believed and trusted his boy would not be abandoned of God.

A week had gone by from that memorable night. It was Saturday, and Nazar'itch had laid himself down to take an hour's rest, for he had been plying his pestle more diligently than ever all that week. The boy was very busy manufacturing a hand-sledge for himself. The old man fell asleep, and must have had pleasant dreams, for the child once heard him whisper, in his sleep, smiling, and with his hand lying on his breast: "Come! come! I am ready!"

All at once the dog set up a loud bark outside, and the old man awoke. A horse

* A little more than ten cents.

was snorting before the porch, and merry children's voices ringing. At the same instant Arkhip'titch entered the *izba*; he was followed by a man carrying a little girl in his arms, and by the young woman whom we know, with a baby in her arms, and leading a little boy by the hand.

"We wish you health, honored friend Tiyà Nazàr'titch! I have brought you some guests," said Arkhip'titch, and, stepping aside, made room for the others.

The man took the cap from the little boy's head. All the visitors first turned to the holy images, and crossed themselves; then, as though at a given signal, faced about and fell down upon their knees before the host; the young woman even laid down her baby on the floor at his feet.

Nazàr'titch was so taken by surprise that he at first remained motionless, looking quite foolish, while Vassiùtka, pressing close to his grandfather, felt rather frightened.

"Our more than father—our deliverer and benefactor!" cried the man, bowing down so low that he pressed his forehead against the floor. His wife sobbed, and the children also began to whimper. Nazàr'titch knit his white brows together, and a blush spread over his old and withered face. He felt very much inclined to be angry, but his glance fell on the small creature, which was lying on its back at his feet, stretching out its tiny arms, and kicking about with its little legs. Arkhip'titch, standing apart at some distance, was twirling his mustache, trying to look unconcerned.

"Cease, good people, this is sinful!" at last exclaimed Nazàr'titch, lifting the baby from the floor, and turning away. "Do you think I can talk to you in this way?" he added, a little angrily.

The poor people rose from their knees, but it was a long time before any regular conversation could be carried on. Every now and then the young woman would begin her crying and her thanksgivings and her protestations over again, until Nazàr'titch ceased his remonstrances, and let her have her way.

Toward evening, however, all began to feel more calm and more at their ease. The candle was lighted, the elder people sat down on the benches round the table, the children played cozily together on the floor, and the talk became more general and rational. Only once again was this pleasant calm disturbed. Nazàr'titch had for some time been silent, looking uneasy, coughing and humming, and frequently glancing at Vassiùtka. At length, he seemed to make up his mind, and spoke:

"I see, brother, that thou art not a bad man, and earnest into trouble, not by any fault of thine, but by the will of God which rules all things. And now there is one favor which I shall most humbly crave of thee and of thy housewife."

At these words Mitri and his wife both stretched their heads forward and listened intently.

"I am old, very old," Nazàr'titch went on, "as you can see yourselves. Who can know what may happen to-morrow—any day—for my time is coming? And of all my kith and kin, I shall leave only this one orphan child"

—he nodded to where Vassiùtka sat on the floor, playing with his new friends.—"It is he whom I would pray you, good people, not to abandon altogether when—" The old man brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, and was silent; but the young woman sprang from her seat, and, running up to Vassiùtka, vehemently pressed him to her breast, crying and protesting the while:

"I will forget my own children first—I will cut off my own finger, spill my own blood!" And she hugged and kissed the boy's curly pate, with no end of tears and promises.

"Stay, wife; hold your tongue awhile!" her husband at length interfered; and, rising, he addressed Nazàr'titch in solemn, sober words, saying that as long as he, Mitri, was alive, not his sons nor his daughter should be his first thought and his first care, but always Vassiùtka; and that he, Mitri, trusted and knew that his wife Olga would bear the same love to the boy and be as good a guardian to him. "And, as for my children," he concluded, "it shall be my behest to them all, under pain of my paternal curse, to consider Vassiùtka as their elder brother, and to remember all their life that by him they were rescued from the bitter lot of orphanhood. And this that I say shall I faithfully accomplish, so help me God!"

When Mitri had ended this speech, he once more knelt before the holy images and bowed his head to the ground, then rose, took from the shelf a small image of the Holy Mother of God, kissed it, crossed himself, and placed it back again.

This scene naturally did not end without new tears and embraces. Whenever you have to do with a woman, even though she be young and clever, such demonstrations are unavoidable.

Mitri, suddenly remembering that he had six rubles and odd kopecks left from the sum which he had paid to replace the stolen money, now produced his leathern pouch, and offered to return them to Nazàr'titch, but the old man would not take them, and said:

"The money has been given for the sake of God—I may take none of it back."

So it was settled that it should be distributed to the poor the very next day, after mass, on the porch of the church in Nazàr'titch's native village.

That night, after the happy family had left the cottage, thanking and blessing their generous host over and over again, when Vassiùtka, exhausted by the different emotions of this eventful day, was sound asleep in his little bed, and our two veterans were left alone, Arkhip'titch, after musing for some time, began thus:

"Well, my honored friend Tiyà Nazàr'titch, although thou mayest now be said to possess as good as nothing at all—"

"I now possess all that man can possess; never was I so rich!" Nazàr'titch interrupted him, with a wave of his hand.

Arkhip'titch looked a little confused, but also waved his hand, saying:

"That is just exactly what I meant to say!"

BETTY'S STORY.

I STOOD by the garden-fence the morning before I was to leave the old house forever, and looked up and down the road. The first who came along was the child of a neighbor, a little girl of eight years, on an errand for milk, with a white mug in one hand, and her two pennies tightly clutched in the other. Coming along in the same direction was a singular-looking man in velvet and corduroy—the clothes well fitted but much worn. His long-handled net in one hand, and his tin box slung at his side, were not necessary to show me that he was "a bug-hunter," for the cruel wretch gave a visible sign of his calling in a butterfly pinned to his hat, with its wings fastened down by slips of card-board. I saw that he was young and good-looking, and he had taste for more of the animal creation than insects, for he honored me with a prolonged stare. I showed my dislike at this scrutiny in some way, for he turned his gaze to the other side of the road, and contemplated it with great earnestness.

Just then I heard a cry. Sally Perry, the little girl in question, had stumbled and fallen, breaking the mug and scattering her money in the dirt. The bug-hunter quickened his steps, raised the little girl, and helped her to find her money. Then he took her by the hand, and led her to the country-store, which stood a short distance above. They both emerged presently, Sally with a new mug, the two chatting together, and they were soon lost in the turn of the road.

I sighed. This was to be my last day in the village. I was an orphan, and henceforth was to make my own way in the world.

My father had been one of those unfortunate men who seem to be industrious without success, and who manage to be always pushing on without advancing a step. He was a bad manager. So long as my mother lived, he contrived to exist without being more than a trifle behindhand each year; but those trifles accumulated until, in many years, they made a considerable sum. By my mother's energy, which conquered my father's indecision, my brother Victor had been educated as a civil-engineer, and, a few months after her death, had been offered a situation in Brazil, which he had at once accepted. I was thus left alone with my father, to keep house. As we could not afford to maintain a servant, I did all the labor of our petty house-keeping. The work agreed with me, and, in spite of all the shifts and contrivances to which I was driven, I kept lively, healthy, and strong. The result was, that I had no society of my own years. My father had been born and bred a gentleman, and, being without means, shrunk from contact with those of his order. He grew more reserved day by day, and even morose, and, after the death of my mother, lost his grip on life entirely, and so died.

I was left alone. My father had a maiden sister who had wealth, and who knew how to keep it, and even add to it. That much I had learned incidentally; but there was no intercourse between her and my fa-

ther, and I did not even know where she lived. The funeral-expenses I managed to defray, and then found myself with little money. Knowing nothing of the law, and caring less, as a woman generally does, I went through no formality of administration, but sold the household effects for what they would bring, paid off the few debts my father had left, deposited one-half of the money with the rector of the parish for my brother Victor, if he ever came to claim it, and with a hundred and nine dollars in my pocket, and my fare paid, went to New York to seek some kind of employment.

I had a notion of becoming a teacher. A woman in need always tries to teach professionally, and her desire in that direction is in exact ratio to her inability. I could draw tolerably well, and, though I had little knowledge of thorough bass or counter-point, could sing or play music at sight, and was a dexterous performer on the piano-forte. If I could get scholars in music or drawing, or a situation in some school, I could do very well. So I found a cheap boarding-house, with the rector's recommendation, put a modest advertisement in the *Herald*, and waited.

But no note came requesting my services, and no pupils inquired for Miss Norman. My full name was Florence Elizabeth Norman Grey; but I had dropped the first and last part of it. Norman was the name of an old college-mate of my father, and Florence had been given me after his sister, whose christening gift—a silver mug—I still retained. I waited, however, patiently until I was reduced to my last ten-dollar bill, and then I sat down diligently to study the advertisements in the *Herald*, thinking if the mountain would not come to me, it was about time I should go to the mountain.

I skipped the shop-girl list. Not that I had the slightest objection to remain all day and simper, and look insolently at customers, and throw back my head, and tap the counter with my pencil, and cry out "Ke-yai-sh!" at the proper intervals; but I knew that I should have to stand all day on my feet, my taskmaster not caring that he is slaying his unhappy slaves in insisting on that wearying position. Laudanum would furnish a cheaper mode of taking one's life, and be less painful. Companion to an elderly lady was more enticing, but to be snarled at and nagged by my employer, and suspected by a tribe of nephews and nieces of vague designs on the family estate, was not a pleasant thing to think of, much less to endure. But I ran through all the advertisements without seeing anything. I turned to the servants' column, euphuistically headed, "Help wanted—Females," and amused myself with the style used to express the wants and desires of employers. The following arrested my attention:

"WANTED, in a family of one, with a chambermaid employed, a young woman for general house-work. An American girl, even if inexperienced, preferred. Wages ample, and treatment according to conduct."

Then followed the address.

I read it twice over. Should I apply for this situation—a house-maid? Why not? I had experience enough, "wages ample," to

say nothing of good food, comfortable lodgings, and no care for the "ways and means" of the house. At all events, I determined to try it.

I dressed myself in the plainest of my few gowns, smoothed down as much as possible my rebelliously-curly hair, substituted plain linen collar and cuffs for lace adornments—part of poor mother's well-preserved finery—carefully removed a couple of rose-buds from my shred of a bonnet, and set out for No. 324 North — Street. When I arrived there, I hesitated about ringing the bell. The house, though not very large, had an air of style calling for several servants. The name was on the door. I picked up courage, and gave the bell-pull a timid jerk. No one answering for a bit, I made up my mind to go; but just then the door suddenly opened, and a girl, with an ill-fitting dress hanging loosely from her body, and a very ill-humored expression of countenance, stood in the aperture.

"Well?" she asked, sharply.

"Is Mrs. Dartnell at home?"

"I s'pose she be," was the answer.

"Come in, and I'll see.—What's the name?"

"Elizabeth Norman."

She at first left me standing in the hall, but presently returned and showed me into the parlor.

The room was handsomely furnished, but looked to be little cared for. There was a large and fine piano in the room, covered by a crimson cloth dulled in color by the dust. There was dust on the chairs, on the mantel-ornaments, on the *bric-a-brac* trash here and there—confusion and untidiness everywhere. I had merely time to note this when an old lady, in a black alpaca gown, so neat in her person as to show a marked contrast to her surroundings, entered.

"What can I do for you, Miss Norman?" she asked.

"Betty Norman, if you please," I replied.

"I have come to see about the place."

"The place!"—and a suspicious shadow crossed her face. She looked at me keenly, and then took hold of one of my hands. "This does not look as if it were used to house-work."

"It is, for all that," I answered; "and if you try it, you will find it to be a willing and experienced hand."

"Where have you served? What is your reference?"

"I have served at home. I have never lived out, but I understand all about it. Try me!" I exclaimed, desperately, for my chance seemed slipping away.

"Sit down, child—you look tired. There—you have never lived out before. You have a history; what is it?"

I hesitated at first; but there was something motherly in her face, and I told her all—all except my true name, and I even mentioned that I had dropped a part of that, but what was left was legitimately mine.

"I will try you," she said, at length; "but I warn you that I am at times a very disagreeably fractious old woman—very apt to find fault. You may not like me as well as I am disposed to like you."

"It is not my business, Mrs. Dartnell, to

like or dislike, but to serve you. If you find fault for good reason, I shall endeavor to amend; if you find fault without occasion, I shall try to bear it."

"What wages do you expect?"

"Whatever is customary. I don't know what is given usually."

"It is easy to see that you're not accustomed to service. I gave my last girl fourteen dollars per month, and allowed her every other Sunday out."

"The wages will do, madame; and, as for the Sunday out, I should like to go to church once a week, if convenient; but I have no acquaintances, and, in New York, shall make none."

"Very well; when can you come?"

"As soon as I can have my trunk brought here, ma'am."

Nothing was said about reference, but she evidently credited my story; and, by afternoon, I was installed as mistress of the kitchen, where I found all those modern labor-saving contrivances which have reduced kitchen-tail to its minimum. I found my fellow-servant, the chambermaid who had let me in, preparing to leave. She had given warning to Mrs. Dartnell that morning. I inquired her grievance.

"Ain't got none," was the reply. "Nothin' much to do—only three beds to make, except when the old woman's nephew comes here once a year; but I prefer factory-work that I've been used to; and, besides, I'll get some society there."

So she went off to her "factory-work" and her "society" next day, and we got another in her stead—one out of four applicants—a tidy, quiet girl, my pick, in fact, for Mrs. Dartnell took her at my favorable impression.

I liked the mistress, and liked the place from the first, and continued to like it. I did not find the old lady to be as disagreeable as she said, and she never found fault except in the mildest and most hesitating way. And so six months passed off, and my mistress and myself began to approach familiarity. Tired of her loneliness, she frequently brought her knitting—she plied her needles with all the assiduity of a German *Frau*—to the kitchen, and would sit there while I was engaged about my duties, rarely saying any thing, but apparently wrapped in reverie.

At length there was a little change in my monotonous life. One Sunday I was at the morning service in church, and had been in a pew in the gallery, taking my seat, as usual, where I could get it, and was a little tardy in coming out. As I came to the vestibule, the rector came down the aisle and passed by me, pausing at the door a moment to speak to the organist.

"What was the trouble in the choir, Mr. Esten?" he asked.

"Miss Patten, our contralto, has been taken suddenly ill, and I don't know how I can supply her place at short notice for the afternoon service."

"That is inconvenient," said the rector, and, after some other remarks, passed on.

I stepped up to where the organist stood with knitted brows, and tapped his arm. He turned at once.

"Excuse me for having overheard you without intending it," I said; "but perhaps I can get you out of your difficulty. I have a contralto voice, I am familiar with the church-service, and I sing at sight."

"Will you come into the choir?" he said.

I followed him, and he signaled the other members of the choir, who were still there. A very short trial satisfied him, and I promised to come in the afternoon.

I asked leave of Mrs. Dartnell, of course, telling her the circumstance.

"Will you not fail?" the old lady inquired.

I smiled a negative.

"Why, I never knew you were musical. You never touched the piano."

"It is not the business of house-maids to play on their mistresses' pianos."

"Very good; but you have been something more than a servant here. Will you let me hear you sing now?"

My fingers had been long itching to touch that piano, which was kept regularly in tune, though never used, and I sat down to it willingly. I was out of practice, my fingers were stiff; but excitement more than made up for it, I suppose, for I had never played better, and my voice was in excellent order.

"I foresee you will get that place permanently."

"Oh, no; Miss Patten will be well directly."

"No, no! I see this is your turning-point, and I shall lose you."

"You shall not lose me, Mrs. Dartnell," I said; for the old lady betrayed in her voice that she would really be sorry if I went.

My singing that afternoon was a success. Mrs. Dartnell was right about Miss Patten. She never returned to the choir. She had ruptured a blood-vessel, was sent to Florida, remained there some months, and came back to die. I was engaged in her place at a salary of five hundred dollars a year—a little fortune to me; but I did not lose my place in the house, which I liked, and did not find one occupation to interfere with the other. To my surprise, Mrs. Dartnell engaged another house-maid, and put her under my supervision, thus promoting me to be a kind of house-keeper. I did not demur to this, but insisted on serving without pay; and it was settled on that basis. The old lady, whose confidence in me was unbounded, gave me the keys, and we always took our meals together. I was quite happy, though somewhat uneasy about my brother, from whom I had heard nothing all this while, though my address had been sent to our old rector with a request to forward any letters that might come.

One evening a letter came to Mrs. Dartnell.

"Betty, my dear," she said, "Fred is below in the bay, and is coming to-morrow to pay me a visit. He has promised to stay a week, and we must have the front-room above got ready for him."

"Very good," was the reply.

"Fred" was her nephew, Mr. Drury, very rich, rather eccentric, and quite distinguished as a naturalist. I had heard enough of him, his merits and peculiarities being a standing subject.

Next day he came. I could hear his noisy greeting up-stairs from where I was in the kitchen, superintending preparations for dinner; but it was "none of my funeral," as they say, and I calmly proceeded with my duties.

Mrs. Dartnell came down after a while.

"Why don't you dress for dinner?" she asked.

"I? I thought after so long an absence you'd want to monopolize him," said I, giving a pudding-mixture its final stir.

"Oh, I'll see enough of him before his visit is over," she replied; "and I want you to like him."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You don't expect him to fall in love with the house-maid."

"Don't go, Betty, for to put me in a passion," she cried, quoting an old play; and up-stairs she went in high spirits.

Just before dinner was ready, after giving final directions to Françoise, my Swiss lieutenant, I ran up-stairs and freshened myself up a bit. I was anxious to see this paragon of nephews, and determined he should not see me at my worst. I made my appearance in the parlor a few minutes before we were called to the dining-room, and there Mrs. Dartnell cooed out, in her soft way: "Miss Norman, this is my nephew, Mr. Drury."

I bowed, raised my eyes, and lo! there stood the bug-hunter whom I had seen nearly a year before.

But what a shock to my vanity! He had not apparently carried away any vague picture printed by the look he had given me then, for he did not seem to recognize me.

Of course, I sat at the table to listen. He had a great deal to say, for his aunt plied him with questions. He had been up the Amazon River and its tributaries, and had come home with boxes of birds and insects, and all kinds of oddities, enough to stock a museum.

"The reason I did not write to you of late," he said, in reply to a question, "was that I was away from all mails for six months, locked up in the forests, and with savage people. I came near staying there entirely."

"How was that?"

"I got into a scrape with the natives—offended one of their chiefs, innocently enough, too—and but for the influence of an American engineer there, engaged by an English company to survey a grant they had, I should have fared badly. He is a fine fellow, and expects to be home in a month. He had only heard of his father's death when he came down the river with me, and I have a letter from him for his sister, who, according to him, is such a piece of perfection that I tremble to meet her. I know the village where she lives—at least I know all the beetles and butterflies in that quarter—and I must go and hunt her up."

"May I ask the engineer's name, Mr. Drury?"

"Certainly; Grey—Victor Grey."

So he had a letter from my brother, who was coming home.

"Mr. Drury, you will not find the person you seek. She has left Sealsford."

"Ah, you know where she is, perhaps?"

"I can find her; and, if you will intrust the letter to me, I will take care she receives it."

"I am very much obliged, and it would save me some trouble; but then, you see, I wish to deliver it in person. I should like to make her acquaintance."

"You will find her a very ordinary person, probably."

"Then she is very unlike her brother, I can tell you, who is one of the best they make nowadays. However, I shall know her when he comes home, if not before; and you can deliver the letter, if you will be so kind."

After dinner Mrs. Dartnell, who was anxious to show off one of her pets to the other, made me play for Frederick, and in the evening got me to sing. I soon found that Mr. Drury had a highly-cultivated barytone voice, and we tried duets together, to the great delight of his aunt, who would have kept up the extempore concert till midnight if I had not rebelled.

The nephew's visit extended from a week into two, and then another, and finally a month, during which he coaxed out his domestic aunt to divers places of amusement, and into a deal of unusual but harmless dissipation. I was always one of the party, and it was very pleasant, especially when I reflected that I had entered the parlor by way of the kitchen. It seemed like a dream, and I wondered what was to come next.

We were expecting Victor home—though neither Mr. Drury nor his aunt knew our relationship—when one morning our entomologist brought in some music from a new opera over which the town was running wild just then, and we were practising it at the piano, with the aunt listening and knitting, when a carriage stopped at the door.

I started—could it possibly be Victor?

The front-door opened, and we heard a sharp voice in the hall.

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! she is here, I know she is. Show me into the parlor, and send her there right away."

"But, I tell you, madam—"

"Stuff! do as I bid you!"

And the owner of the voice pushed open the parlor-door, and marched in on us.

She was an old lady, small, withered, and with pinched-up features, and twinkling, black eyes.

"I beg your pardon, madam. Mrs. Dartnell, I presume? I learn you have my niece here, and I wish to see her. I am Miss Grey."

Mrs. Dartnell went forward, while I stood in an agony of mortification. This, then, was my eccentric aunt, whom I had never seen since I was a child; but I remembered her eyes, and her manner, which had not changed.

"Miss Norman resides with me, madam," replied Mrs. Dartnell, with a stateliness she could assume when required. "Is it she whom you wish to see?"

"Miss Norman, eh! Ah, there she is. I'd know her anywhere, by her likeness to my brother. Good notion it was for your father to put Norman into your name. Not that he meant any thing by it—he never meant any thing, poor man. Do you know

why I've hunted you out? No, of course you don't. I'm rich—why don't you hurry to claim kin? I'm odd, I suppose. Well, it would be no better for you, for I intend to leave every cent I have to Victor, every cent."

I bowed, to escape laughing.

"Sarcastic, too! Well, you have more spirit than your father ever had, but you're just as proud in a different way. A pretty chase I've had all the way to Sealsford, and you gone. The lawyers couldn't find you, so they set the police on your track—"

"Police!"

"Yes—police! That was *their* idea. I went down myself. Mr. Bland wouldn't tell me at first, until I showed him my business. Then he did quickly enough. I jumped in the cars, my coach was at the station when I got to town, I made George drive me here, and here I am. Not glad to see me, are you?"

"Well, aunt, you know I never have seen you since I was a child, and your visit now is so unexpected—"

"Of course. Now, I'll tell you why I come. You were partly named after Old Norman—sensible man! lived and died a bachelor. The man that gets married is the biggest fool in the world, except the woman that marries with him. He is dead—had no kin of his own to leave his money to, and so he left it all to you. That's why I don't intend to leave you any thing, child—shall alter my will to-morrow, you'll have enough without it. And here's the lawyer's letter.—And I'm sure I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Dartnell; Mr. Bland says you've been very kind to the girl.—There's my address, Florence; come and see me. And, by-the-by, I found Victor at Sealsford, looking for you—brought him along in the carriage—didn't let him know you were here, for I wasn't quite sure—he's out there now."

And off she went.

Frederick ran out after her. There was a terrible hand-shaking in the hall, and my big brother, bronzed and bearded, was dragged rather than led into the room.

The lawyer's letter was examined after the greetings were over, and explained all. Barring a few trifling legacies to servants and others, I was left sole heiress to Mr. Norman's considerable wealth.

Victor, after a month's visit, returned to Brazil, where he married the daughter of a rich planter, and where he continues to reside. I remained with Mrs. Dartnell until I was married. Aunt Grey bids fair to last a long while yet, and divides her time between our house and her own.

"Ours? Yes—Frederick doesn't go beetle-hunting so much now—he studies the four youngsters we have, and has grown quite acquainted with their habits and peculiar appearance. He has one very bad fault—he will persist in calling me Betty Housemaid."

But, after all, there is no romance in this world. I undertook to turn the tables on my "worse half" recently, and twitted him with having taken his wife from the kitchen. He only laughed in a provoking way; but Mrs. Dartnell, who was sitting in the room, looked up, and said:

"Hasn't he ever told you, then?"

"Told me what, auntie dear?"

"Why, simply that I wrote, and learned all your history as soon after you came as I could, and that I took to my parlor, not the kitchen-maid, but the young gentlewoman who was trying to place herself in a false position."

I was astonished.

"Fred knew all about you all the while, and all about your family."

"Yes," said he, in confirmation, "and I had made myself acquainted with all that before she did; for, if you suppose that I did not inquire the name and connections of the young lady at the gate within two hours after I had first seen her, then you don't understand human nature, my dear—especially man's nature."

And, reflecting on all things, I have since concluded that, but for a train of unusual circumstances, my experiment of hiring out might not have resulted in any thing but loss of caste, and a disagreeable position.

AMERICA SEEN WITH FOREIGN EYES.

III.

A HIGH-CHURCHMAN'S VIEWS.—THE REV. ANDREW BURNABY'S TRAVELS.—MEN AND MANNERS IN 1750-'60.

THE Rev. Andrew Burnaby, Vicar of Greenwich, paid a visit to this country in 1759-'60. While talking over his projected voyage in a London coffee-house, a few days before his departure, a stranger gave him the following sensible advice: "You are going to a country where every thing will appear new and wonderful to you, but only for a while; the novelty will wear off for you, but remember it will not for those who do not share your travels; therefore jot down each day whatever seems strange to you, for, if you wait too long, it will appear so natural that you will end by not recording it." He followed this advice, although he seems not at first to have intended publishing his journal. Fifteen years elapsed before it saw the light, but then the "unpleasantness" between the mother-country and the colonies brought books on America into demand, and his account was printed in London "for T. Payne, 1775."

He seems to have had very kindly feelings toward us; next to his dear old England he loves America, and such, he says, is his affection for both, "that he hopes nothing will ever happen to dissolve the union so necessary to their common happiness." He is a careful observer and an honest reporter when allowance is made for his natural bias as a staunch upholder of Church and king. The habit of dividing his sermons into "heads" led him to try the same system with his book, and it is amusing, in reading his travels, to note the nicety with which he discriminates between the moral qualities of the inhabitants of each different province, finding in the existence of a geographical dividing-line sufficient to insure an entire change of

character. It should be remembered, however, that, in his time, the inhabitants of this country, descended from ancestors of different nationalities, were hardly far enough removed from the parent-stem to sink their diversity of character, nor were they yet welded into a single nation, as they are to-day.

Burnaby sailed from Spithead in a small vessel, which formed part of a fleet of thirty-three merchantmen, convoyed by a man-of-war, for the Seven Years' War was still raging, and, after a tedious and disagreeable voyage of about ten weeks, reached York River. He traveled through Virginia and Maryland, visited Colonel Washington at Mount Vernon, and was enchanted with the beautiful scenery in the valley of "Shenando." Viewed as a settlement, he considered Virginia as far from perfection; not one-tenth of the land was cultivated, and even that not in the most advantageous manner. The sheep and horned cattle were small and lean, but their horses were fleet and beautiful. The Virginian was fond of horse-racing, and spared no money in importing blooded stock and improving the breed. Virginian pork was said to be the finest in the world, and no wonder, for peaches were then so abundant that they were used to fatten the hogs. The "progress of the arts and sciences" (what a modern traveler would call "general education") he thought very inconsiderable; William and Mary College was the only public place of education, and this had by no means answered the design of its institution; it had a president (salary two hundred pounds and a house) and six professors (salary eighty pounds apiece and apartments).

Prefacing his remarks with the statement that there are exceptions to all general rules, he gives the Virginians the following unfavorable character: They were, he says, indolent, easy, and good-natured, extremely fond of society, and much given to convivial pleasures; in consequence, they seldom showed any spirit of enterprise or exposed themselves willingly to fatigue. Their authority over their slaves rendered them vain and imperious, and "entire strangers to that elegance of sentiment which is peculiarly characteristic of refined and polished natures." Extravagant and ostentatious, they often outran their incomes. Their public character was similar—they were haughty, jealous of their liberties, impatient of restraint, and generous to excess. The women he found "rather handsome, but not to be compared" to his fair countrywomen in England. They had but few educational advantages, and consequently were seldom accomplished; this rendered them reserved and unequal to any interesting or refined conversation. They were immoderately fond of dancing—and, indeed, it was almost the only amusement they partook of—but even in this they discovered "great want of taste and elegance, and seldom appeared with that grace and ease which these movements are so calculated to display." Toward the close of an evening, when the company are pretty well tired out with "country-dances" (a corruption, he it observed, of *contre-dance*—what we should now call *square dances*), it is usual to dance jigs, a practice derived from the negroes. This is

the celebrated Virginia reel, and the reverend traveler, who seems to have a shrewd eye for such things, finds in it a marked resemblance to the *trescone* of the Tuscans; he describes it as "irregular and fantastical." The Virginian ladies chiefly spent their time in sewing and taking care of their families; they seldom read or endeavored to inform their minds, but were good house-keepers, and, though Burnaby thought them hardly as tender and sensible as English ladies, made as good wives as any in the world.

In the course of his peregrinations he visited Alexandria, which, strange though it may appear to the present generation, once had hopes of becoming the commercial emporium of the country. It was then called Belhaven, and was built on the shore of a large circular bay, setting in from the Potomac, with a wharf at one extremity and a ship-yard at the other. Annapolis was a small, neat town of one hundred and fifty houses. The character of the Marylanders he found substantially the same as that of the Virginians, and tobacco was the staple product of both colonies. Attempts had been made to make wine from native grapes, and at one house which he visited his host, Colonel Tasco, gave him some home-made burgundy, which he found almost equal to the imported. The currency in Maryland was paper, and hard money stood at fifty per cent. premium.

Burnaby next visited Philadelphia, and found it surrounded with villas, gardens, and luxuriant orchards; the city proper contained three thousand houses, and eighteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, was well lighted on dark nights, and protected by a patrol; the streets were crowded with people, and the river with vessels. Houses were so dear that moderate-sized ones rented for one hundred pounds currency, and *lots, thirty by one hundred, in advantageous situations, sold for one thousand pounds sterling.* The trade of Philadelphia was extensive; its manufactures considerable. Germantown thread - stockings were in high estimation: the year before his visit there were manufactured in that town alone sixty thousand pairs; the common retail price of them was one dollar. The Irish settlers made very good linen; some woollens were also fabricated, but not to any amount. The colony also manufactured beaver hats (superior to those of European workmanship), cordage, linseed-oil, starch, spermacandles, soap, and earthen-ware.

He describes the Pennsylvanians as frugal and industrious, but not remarkably courteous or hospitable to strangers, unless particularly recommended to them. They were "by far the most enterprising people on the continent;" were quiet, and concerned themselves but little about any thing save money-getting. The women he found exceedingly handsome and polite, naturally sprightly and fond of pleasure, and, upon the whole, much more agreeable and accomplished than the men. Their amusements were chiefly dancing in the winter, and in the summer forming parties of pleasure on the Schuylkill and in the country. There was a society of sixteen ladies and as many gentlemen, called the "Fishing Company," which met once a fortnight upon the Schuylkill. They had a very

pleasant little summer-house erected in a romantic situation upon the banks of that river, where they frequently dined and drank tea. There were several delightful walks about this suburban retreat, along which the company strolled or wandered in the shade of the neighboring grove. There were also boats and fishing-tackle of all sorts, and the members of the club amused themselves with walking, fishing, going upon the water, dancing, singing, conversing, and, we suppose, flirting, although the worthy vicar does not say so. The ladies wore a uniform, and appeared with great ease and advantage from its neatness and simplicity. The best people in the colony belonged to this assembly, and an introduction to it gave a stranger the *entrée* at once into the best society in Philadelphia. In winter, sleighing took the place of these river picnics.

Burnaby thence continued his tour through New Jersey, visiting Princeton, with its college, called "Nassau Hall." There were twenty students in the grammar-school, and sixty in the college; to every two students there was assigned a set of apartments, which consisted of a large bedroom, with fireplace and two studies; the tuition charge was twenty-five pounds currency per annum. New Brunswick was celebrated for its belles; there and at Philadelphia "were the handsomest women he saw in all America." New Jersey had no foreign trade, selling all its produce to New York and Philadelphia. The inhabitants were like most country people, good-natured, hospitable, and of a more liberal turn than the Pennsylvanians; they lived altogether upon their estates, and many of them were gentlemen-farmers.

Our traveler next proceeded to New York, by way of Staten Island, and was enchanted with the view of the beautiful bay, which he crossed about sunset, with vessels sailing to and fro, and numerous porpoises disporting on its surface. Our little city then contained two to three thousand houses, and about seventeen thousand inhabitants. Burnaby describes it as well built, the streets paved and very clean, but generally narrow; two or three, however, were spacious and airy, noticeably "the Broadway," bordered with handsome trees. An Oxford graduate himself, the halls of learning naturally engaged his attention, and one of the first public buildings he visited was the college (King's, afterward Columbia, then erecting on its old site at College Place). It was built on three sides of a quadrangle fronting the Hudson or North River, and when finished will be, he says, "exceedingly handsome." At the time of his visit only one wing was finished; it was built of stone, and contained twenty-four sets of apartments, each having a large sitting-room, with a study and bedchamber. Its condition was far from flourishing, or so good as might be wished; its fund did not exceed ten thousand pounds currency, and there was a great scarcity of professors. At the commencement, which he attended, seven gentlemen took their degree of B. A.; there were twenty-five students in the other classes.

New York had not made much progress in the arts and sciences; a subscription-library, however, had been lately opened, and

every one seemed zealous to promote learning. This was the still-flourishing New-York Society Library, although, for fourteen years from the outbreak of the Revolution, it was virtually abandoned. At the time of Burnaby's visit, the city government had added several volumes to its stores, and authorized it to keep its books in the Corporation-Library room at the City Hall. More than half of the people were Dutch, and almost all traders; frugal, industrious, and parsimonious; being, however, of different nationalities, different languages, and different religions, our traveler confesses it to be almost impossible to give them the precise and definite character he had assigned to the denizens of the other provinces. The women he found to be handsome and agreeable, though rather more reserved than their fair sisters of Philadelphia; their amusements were much the same, balls and sleighing-parties in winter; sailing and fishing excursions and picnics in summer. There were several houses pleasantly situated upon the East River, near the well-known Hell-Gate Ferry, where it was common to have "turtle-feasts." "These turtle-feasts," says Burnaby, "happen once or twice a week; thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen meet and dine together, drink tea in the afternoon, fish, and amuse themselves till evening, and then return home, a gentleman and a lady in each chaise." These vehicles, which he calls Italian chaises, were light, two-wheeled carriages, drawn by one horse. In them may perhaps be discovered the germ of the future American road-wagon. They were at this time the fashionable carriage throughout the country, except in Virginia, where a coach-and-six was the correct style. On the way home from these turtle-feasts, "there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, which you must pass over, called the 'Kissing Bridge,' where it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." This bridge was situated on the old Boston Post-Road, crossing a little creek called the Saw-kill, which emptied into the East River opposite Blackwell's Island; its exact location may be designated on a map of modern New York as near the junction of Fifth Street and Second Avenue. A view of the "Kissing Bridge" and surrounding country is given in Valentine's "Manual of the Common Council for 1861."

New York, according to our traveler, carried on a flourishing trade, and gave promise of great increase in wealth and population. After a short stay in this city, Burnaby next proceeded to Newport by way of the sound. Like all travelers of this period who have any knowledge of the classics, he finds that Hell-Gate reminds him of Scylla and Charybdis, with its shoal of rocks and dreadful waters.

His opinion of Rhode Island is so disparaging that he apologizes for it in his preface, acknowledging that he was sick when he visited that province, and perhaps had not judged it rightly. It seems, however, that he was not far wrong, for, as we shall see in a future article, another traveler (Brissot), accustomed to look at every thing from a point of view diametrically opposite to that of the Vicar of Greenwich, came to the same conclusion. The Rhode-Islanders, then, he describes as

neither engaging nor amiable, and their colony, though possessed of many natural advantages, in a rotten and declining state. He attributes this to two causes: rapid rotation in office, the executive being reelected every year, the Legislature every six months; and to the fact that the community was literally overrun with a worthless paper currency; "hard money" was at a premium, which fluctuated from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred per cent.!

Boston reminded him of some of the best country-towns in England. The character of its inhabitants was much improved from what it was, but Puritanism and a species of persecution were not yet totally extinguished. By a law of 1646, kissing a woman in the public streets was punished with flogging, and an occurrence which took place shortly before his visit showed that this law was by no means a dead letter. The captain of a British man-of-war, which was stationed off the coast of Massachusetts, for the protection of its trade during the war with France, happened to return from a cruise on a Sunday to Boston, where he had left his wife. Learning of his arrival, this lady rushed down to the harbor to meet him, and, in a transport of joy, they could not refrain from tenderly embracing each other in the open street. For this breach of the laws and desecration of the Sabbath, the captain was summoned to appear before the magistrates, who, after a grave rebuke, sentenced him to be flogged. The punishment seems to have implied no ignominy whatever; and, after, having undergone it, he was freely admitted into the best company of the place, and even into the society of the magistrates, who so little guessed the resentment which lurked in his bosom as to accept an invitation to an entertainment on board of his vessel on the day she was to leave the station and sail for England. After regaling them with a handsome feast, he caused his sailors to flog them all on the deck of the vessel, in sight of the town, and then, telling them that he had now settled all their mutual claims and debts, he dismissed them and set sail. This story (somewhat varied) appeared in the English newspapers at the time. Burnaby declares that he was assured of its truth by the most respectable citizens of Boston.

The gentry of both sexes he describes as hospitable and good-natured. There was an air of civility in their behavior, but it was constrained by formality and preciseness. Even the women appeared with more stiffness and reserve than in the other colonies. They were formed with symmetry, were very handsome, with fair and delicate complexions, but were said, "universally and even proverbially, to have very indifferent teeth."

A propos of the impertinent curiosity exhibited by the people of New England, our traveler here relates a little anecdote told him "by an American gentleman." Whenever his informant, in traveling through the country, came to an inn, he got together the master and mistress of the house, their sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, and made them the following speech: "I am —, by trade a —, and a bachelor; I have some relations at Boston, to

whom I am going to make a visit; my stay will be short, and I shall then return to follow my business as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you of, therefore have compassion on me and my horse, and give us some refreshment." This little story has quite a history of its own, which will remind the reader of Mark Twain's account of the anecdote current in Denver at one time about Horace Greeley and the stage-coach. Every writer of American travels for fifty years relates it as brand-new. Some make the hero anonymous, others father it on Benjamin Franklin, others again tell it of themselves. It is not, in itself, wildly funny, and, after the fifth or sixth repetition, grows monotonous; so that, when the reader of these old travels comes to a sentence beginning, "To illustrate the curiosity of this people, I will now relate a diverting little story," he may prudently turn the page.

Massachusetts at the time of his visit was rich, populous, and well-cultivated, though its commerce had of late years slightly declined. The same remarks apply to New Hampshire. It may be noted as a somewhat singular fact that throughout his book Burnaby, who was accustomed to the grandeur and comfort of England, remarks that all the elegant and even the luxurious fruits of wealth were displayed in the American provinces. In the houses of some of the inhabitants of New Jersey he found specimens of the works of the great painters of Europe. His general opinion of the condition and prospects of the English colonies may be thus summed up:

The people were imbued with a strong spirit of independence, and a deep but vague impression prevailed that they were destined for some splendid future; that empire was traveling westward. "Nothing," says Burnaby, "could be more illusory or fallacious. America is formed for happiness, not for empire;" and, in proof of the first part of his assertion, he cites the fact that, in the whole course of his journey of twelve hundred miles, he did not meet with a single person that solicited charity. The colonies, he thinks, may be divided by the Susquehanna and an imaginary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. Those south of this line had so many inherent causes of weakness that they could never possess any real strength: climate operated very powerfully on them, rendering them indolent, inactive, and unenterprising. The Northern colonies, while of stronger stamina, had other difficulties and disadvantages to struggle with, not less arduous or more easy to surmount. They were composed of people of different nations, different manners, and different religions and languages; while their mutual jealousy was fomented by considerations of interest, power, and ascendancy. Separately they were weak; would they be strong if united? Our prophetic traveler thought not. "Fire and water," he says, "are not more heterogeneous than are the different colonies of North America." Nothing could exceed the jealousy and emulation which they possessed in regard to each other. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and New York had an inexhaustible source of en-

mity in their competition for the trade of New Jersey; the same was true of Massachusetts Bay and Rhode Island with regard to Connecticut; while the West-India trade was a bone of contention with them all. Even the limits and boundaries of each colony were constant sources of litigation. In short, such was the difference of character, manners, religion, and interest, in the different colonies, that he says, in conclusion, "If I am not ignorant of the human mind, were they left to themselves there would soon be a civil war from one end of the country to the other, while the Indians and negroes would, with better reason, impatiently watch for an opportunity of extinguishing all together." Truly a gloomy prophecy!

E. H. L.

A TRIP FOR TROUT.

PISCATORIAL NOTES OF A SUMMER IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

I.

TWENTY-SEVEN hours from New York, starting by the Hudson River Railroad and terminating your trip by the branch of the Grand Trunk which was extended the summer before last to Les Trois Pistoles, some twenty-two miles below Rivière du Loup en bas, take you into one of the best trout-fishing regions on this continent, and perhaps in the world. Rivière du Loup was formerly the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railroad of Lower Canada, but within the last two years the extension which it is proposed to run to Bathurst on the gulf has been pushed as far as Trois Pistoles, a small village on the St. Lawrence. The former terminus is a thriving town of two or three thousand inhabitants, and is in daily communication by rail with Montreal and Quebec. It is situated on the eastern bank of the great river, which at this point is nearly twenty-five miles wide. Six miles farther by the Grand Trunk is the popular watering-place of Canada—the Long Branch of the New Dominion—which is crowded with visitors every summer. Cacouna, as it is called, had at one time a formidable rival in Tadousac, another favorite resort, at the mouth of the far-famed Saguenay; but it has long since left that rival far behind in the contest for public patronage.

Tadousac was one of the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, and boasts of the oldest church in Canada, erected, it is said, by no less a personage than the celebrated French navigator and explorer Jacques Cartier. Of the two summer resorts, Tadousac is certainly the most picturesque and attractive, and possesses a commodious and well-appointed hotel. A steamer passes every second or third day up the grand and gloomy river as far as Chicoutimi, some sixty miles from its confluence with the St. Lawrence. The principal object of this trip is to afford the summer visitors a view of the singularly striking character of the scenery—the lofty mountain-range through which the Saguenay flows, and the entire absence of banks, unless the majestic cliffs, towering to the height of a thousand feet, and in some places forming

perpendicular walls of rock fifteen hundred feet above the surface of the water, can be called by that title. For one long, weary, uninterrupted stretch of sixty miles there is no anchorage for vessels along these "banks," not until the welcome and cheerful-looking harbor of Ha-Ha Bay is reached. Twenty-five or twenty-six miles farther up the river is the village of Chicoutimi, the head of navigation, and thirty or forty miles still farther is the source of the Saguenay itself, the Lake of St. John. The passage of the river to this point is made mainly by canoes, with portages at intervals of from two to six miles; the appearance of the country from its source to its mouth presenting scarcely any material change. Its course from the lake to the St. Lawrence is through a succession of mountains and mountainous hills, clad to their summits with the pine, the spruce, the birch, and other trees peculiar to this climate. In places where the depth has been fathomed, it has been found from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, and where it enters the St. Lawrence the Saguenay is several hundred feet deeper than that river. From Chicoutimi to the lake there are occasional breaks in the wilderness, and little patches of cultivation, where the hardy and industrious habitants raise on the unwilling soil scant crops of oats, rye, potatoes, and a few of the hardier kinds of vegetables. Simple-minded, honest, and thrifty, they have but few wants, and live a life of comparative independence on a land noted for its sterility, and in a climate whose winters are of arctic severity. Knowing very little of the outside world, they are, as a general thing, content with their condition, and live from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, in the district where they were born. Occasionally the spirit of adventure reaches them in their homes amid the wilderness, and, yielding to the ambition to improve their fortunes, they emigrate to the United States. At one time, particularly during the late civil war, the emigration from the Canadas was very considerable, and it is still large enough to attract the attention of the Dominion authorities, who are much exercised in regard to the adoption of the most practical means for putting a stop to the yearly exodus. That they have succeeded to some extent is evident from the reduction in the number of emigrants to the United States from this source of supply. It is very certain that necessity alone is the cause which induces the French-Canadian to leave the place of his birth, for, like the people from whom he is descended, he clings with loving tenacity to his native land. Though its climate during at least half of the year is most uninviting, and its soil gives but scant reward to the labor bestowed upon it, it is with painful reluctance that he leaves it for even a fairer land, and one in which his toil is more liberally remunerated.

But, although Canada sends many of her sons to swell the population of the Great Republic, she is compensated to some extent by the number of tourists and seekers for health and pleasure who visit her from this side of the boundary-line. The summer climate of the Provinces is peculiarly bracing and invigorating, and has a most salutary effect in

febrile complaints, especially those of a bilious character. It is true that the summer heat at Montreal, Quebec, and other places, is sometimes excessive, and the mercury has indicated as high as 108° in the shade, but this is of rare occurrence during the season, and the heat is not so prolonged as in New York. The isothermal line which crosses Lower Canada from the Bay of Chaleurs, extending westward to Lake St. John, including the Saguenay, shows a mean summer temperature fifteen per cent. lower than that of the great metropolis. Here sunstrokes are unknown, and the fervid mid-day heats possess no terrors for those who labor, or take exercise, in the open air. Here is the favored land of Piscator, the paradise of the disciples of Walton and Colton. North of the isothermal line, as already indicated, the rivers and the streams and the lakes literally swarm with trout, and nearly all the tributaries of the great St. Lawrence, and those which flow into the gulf, have long been noted for the superior qualities and game character of their salmon.

It would be a tedious task to enumerate the salmon-rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence alone, while the short streams are too numerous even for calculation. A glance at the map of Lower Canada and New Brunswick reveals a territory that is hardly surpassed by any in the world for the number of its water-courses. An intricate network of streams and rivers, flowing through a land abounding in scenes of wild and picturesque beauty, presents attractions for both tourist and angler that it would be almost impossible to find within an equal extent of territory elsewhere. Through deep mountain-gorges, breaking at intervals along their course into fierce torrents, or leaping from rock to rock in many a foaming water-fall and cascade, these rivers abound with the rarest material for the canvas of the artist. But the scenery is not all of the same wild aspect, and the rivers and streams are not always of the same impetuous character. There are lands along their banks which, in quiet, pastoral beauty, present a marked contrast to the scenery we have just described. Wide-extended stretches of natural meadow, round which the encroaching forest has planted a deep border of pine, or spruce, or birch, and whose marge upon the river or the stream, as it flows placidly along, is fringed by lance-like rushes and gold and silver water-lilies—here, if you be a fisherman, is the spot to erect your tent, and with tempting lure entice the speckled beauties of the flood. Here betimes you may cast the fly, and vary your sport, when the finny game fails to respond, by trying your fortune where the stream moves to quicker measure—where

"It breaks into dimples,
And laughs in the sun."

If the water be not too deep, the true fisherman never hesitates to try its temperature, and "goes in to win."

Of course, those who go on a trouting-excursion must be prepared to "rough it," and to dispense with a great many of the conveniences and comforts of civilized life. They must be content at times to lie upon a

bed of spruce-branches instead of feathers, and to abandon all, or nearly all, the little luxuries in which they were wont to indulge when at home. But, in exchange for these, they have the pure, bracing air of the mountains; they have healthful, invigorating exercise; they have an appetite which defies dyspepsia; and when, at the close of the day's recreation, they lie down on their bed of spruce, their sleep is sound and refreshing. One month of such a life during the summer season restores the vitality expended during the labor of the year, and gives new vigor and energy to both mind and body. Here the rule is "early to bed and early to rise," for the darkness in these northern latitudes in the summer months lasts but five or six hours. Indeed, when the moon is up, the change from day to night is so gradual that it would be next to impossible to mark the limit. Day fades into twilight, and twilight and moonlight are so blent as to seem but one. So the night wears on, and, merging into dawn, the dawn brightens into sunlight. There are no sharply-defined lines between, marking the boundaries of night and day.

From Rivière du Loup to Temiscouata, a distance of forty-two miles by stage, the angling-tourist has many a chance to try his skill with rod and fly. For a few miles of the way he passes over a road made through one of the forest peat-bogs in this section of country, covering a space of many thousand acres. At St. Francis, if he feel disposed to stop for three or four days at the house of Charles Fournier, the game-keeper of the district, and one of the best hunters in this part of Canada, he will find some good fishing along the river which flows within a hundred feet or more of his residence. From a rustic bridge, which crosses the St. Francis at this point, the writer has cast his fly into the placid current beneath, and taken from its depth many a fair-sized trout. Fournier's is and has been a well-known resort, and affords excellent accommodation to the lover of the gentle art. He is, in the best acceptance of the word, "a good fellow;" is thoroughly familiar with the streams and lakes in the immediate vicinity; has boats on the St. Francis and Trois Pistoles; and shows precisely the localities in which the largest and most gamy fish are to be found. He is not only a game-keeper, but he is also a farmer, and, although his dwelling can hardly be dignified with the title of hotel or inn, his wife is an excellent caterer, and her guests have no reason to complain of the fare set before them. His aged father and mother, both far beyond the years fixed by the Scriptural limitation, are a hale old couple, and fair illustrations of the longevity of the habitants, or peasantry, of the country. Although the younger Mr. and Mrs. Fournier have neither of them reached the age of thirty-five, they have six children, and will doubtless keep up the reputation of French-Canadians for large families.

Within a hundred feet of the Fournier Mansion flows, as has been stated, the St. Francis, one of the tributaries of the St. John, which falls into the Bay of Fundy at the city of the same name in New Brunswick.

With the exception of the clearing at Four-nier's, the St. Francis runs through a thickly-wooded country, and in places its course is hidden from the eye by a thick interlacing of undergrowth. It literally swarms with trout, and, during the last of August and the first two weeks of September, the fishing-season reaches its culminating point. Then the larger trout are taken as they ascend the river to the spawning-beds. Gently and quietly floating down with the current, which in the placid reaches of the stream flows at the rate of from half a mile to a mile an hour, and stopping at the best points along its course, we have in a few hours caught between two and three hundred trout. But trout-fishing, like many other things, is very precarious, and there are days when the patience of the angler is sorely tried—days when the bottom of the pools may be literally paved with fish, when they lie as close together as the fingers of the hand, and yet they obstinately refuse to rise to the most attractive lure or the most enticing bait. We have seen them one moment swarming to the surface, rising with avidity to the fly, and the next totally disappearing in the depths of the river, or lying in ambush beneath the shade of water-lilies and overhanging shrubs. A dark, overcast day is the most favorable, particularly if the water be very clear; but let the sun break through the clouds, and, unless a light breeze ripples the surface of the river, there will be little fishing of any account for the rest of the day, or at least until the dusk of the evening. This has been our experience, particularly on the Canadian rivers, where even a passing cloud, though it obscures the sun but for ten minutes, would give a new impulse to the fishing. We had a striking illustration of it one singularly beautiful day on the Trois Pistoles. Starting in the morning at five o'clock, after a hasty breakfast, and determined to make a day of it, we indulged in the highest anticipations of a grand "catch." We had heard of this stream as a favorite resort, where the run of the trout was above the average size, and where they were distinguished particularly for their game qualities.

"C'est une grande rivière," said our guide. "Les truites là sont très-féroces;" and so we found them.

Our road lay partly through the forest, and partly over the mountains, a distance of some five miles from our point of departure. The mists were rising over the hills, and the dew-drops still glistened on plant, and flower, and trees. Here and there we saw unmistakable indications that bears were in our immediate vicinity, for their powerful paws had been at work but a few hours before on the decayed trunks of fallen trees, and the marks of their huge nails were still fresh where they had been prospecting for insects. Occasionally we would start from their sun-bath right in the middle of our road, and so tame that they would permit our horses to approach within five or six feet of them before moving, a hen-partridge and her brood of young ones. And then so little alarmed were they at sight of the intruders that they took up their position on the branches of trees by the road-side, within easy reach of

our hands. At this season of the year they are unusually tame, and will allow you to approach almost close enough to place your hands upon them. After the 1st of September, however, when the game-law ceases to operate, they lose this fearlessness, and soon learn to appreciate the danger.

Our road, as stated, lay partly over the mountain; but such a road it rarely falls to the lot of travelers, even in Canada, to encounter. In some places our hardy little pony had to climb up the faces of rocks of almost precipitous acclivity; but he was used to such work, and proved equal to the difficulties which he had to encounter on this occasion. A trip of five miles, which consumed little less than two hours, brought us to our destination, Les Trois Pistoles, which flows about two miles from this point into La Grande Fourche Lake. Here we are literally in the wilderness. The stream, along this part of its course, flows through the primeval forest, and its current is so slow as to be hardly perceptible. It is bordered by great, lance-like rushes, golden water-lilies, or by the thick and tangled undergrowth of the woods. A flat-bottomed boat, or scow, somewhat the worse for the wear of years, is lying at the landing with the indispensable pole, oars or paddles being out of place on this part of the river. The morning is friendly, large masses of cumuli are floating in the sky, a light breeze just ruffles the surface of the water, and there is promise of a fair day's sport. There are three of us, including our guide, who, as already intimated, is familiar with the best points along these rivers, and who is, besides, a *voyageur* of rare skill and experience. Out we go, with our rods and tackle ready for work, with our boat moving slowly, noiselessly along with the current, so slowly that its motion does not produce even a wake. There is a solemn stillness all over the scene, the silence of the wilderness, which is broken only by the cry of a solitary loon as, high up in air, he takes a survey of the fishing-ground, the loud resounding tap of the woodpecker, or the peculiarly sweet notes of a bird to which the habitants have given the name of *le rossignol*, from some fancied resemblance to the European nightingale. There is a lake in Nova Scotia, the largest body of fresh water in that province, to which the name of this sweet songster has been given, and in this region of country there is said to be some rare fishing for those who have no dread of the fatigues and trials of a journey through the almost unbroken wilderness.

It is now seven o'clock, and the day's sport begins with the capture of a lively one-pounder, which maintained the reputation of the trout in this stream for their game qualities. Perfect in symmetry, its silver sides shining with metallic lustre, it was the very perfection of the *Salmo fontinalis*, and made a fierce fight ere it was consigned to our basket. By nine o'clock we had taken about three dozen of the finny beauties, and then the sun, shining out warm and light, penetrating with its rays the depths of our stream, which at no place was more than four or five feet deep, made of our fishing a sorry and tedious work. We tried the several varieties of flies of a

dark and sombre wing, which all piscatorial experience agrees are the best for a very clear and sunny day, but the trout were proof against every temptation, and would not be enticed from their shady retreat among the clustering water-lilies in their miniature caves beneath overhanging banks, or under the shadows of fallen pine-trees. We knew they were there, and waited patiently till passing clouds obscured the sun, when we rarely failed to draw them to the surface, and add a few to our slowly-increasing stock. In vain we "whipped" the water, in vain we made the most artistic casts, dropping our feathered lure as lightly as snow-flakes on the almost unruffled surface; and so we rested between clouds, our eyes turned skyward, eagerly taking advantage of every shadow thrown across the stream. Thus we fished from early morn till the declining sun warned us that it was time to bring our day's sport to a close. We had, with many stoppages at favorite points, floated some two or three miles upon the sluggish current out upon the sylvan sheet of water known by the peculiarly inappropriate title of La Grande Fourche—inappropriate certainly so far as its configuration would warrant. A beautiful lake it is, set in a densely luxuriant border of spruce, and birch, and pine, and with fringes of white and yellow water-lilies along its shores. A rest of half an hour in a shady recess, where we found traces of an old encampment, was devoted to the discussion of certain good things carefully wrapped up in a huge napkin. The hurried breakfast of the morning had merely taken the "edge" off our appetite, and, after seven or eight hours on the water, breathing the invigorating air of a Canadian climate, we made short work of the bounteous lunch provided by Madame Fournier. It was five o'clock when we reached our landing-place on Trois Pistoles, and the result of our day's fishing was some five dozen of as beautiful brook-trout, weighing from half a pound to a pound, as ever rewarded the skill of an angler.

Now, the true fisherman, that is, the piscator who has a conscience, never wastes his "take," and, if he cannot share of his abundance, he will forego his pleasure, or limit himself in the enjoyment of it, rather than violate the well-established piscatorial code. Our five dozen trout, therefore, were put to good use, and found their way to the tables of esteemed friends in Rivière du Loup.

The Trois Pistoles is a splendid trout-stream, and, when wind and weather are favorable, affords rare sport. It literally swarms with fish, and has a wide-spread reputation throughout this portion of Canada. At the time of our visit there were several parties of gentlemen from Quebec and Montreal, lovers of the "gentle art," who had camped on its borders, and fished its waters with signal success. They were thoroughly equipped, not only for camping out, but for roughing it through the country. Provided with their own conveyance, tents, and all the paraphernalia of domestic life in the wilderness, they traveled from stream to stream and from lake to lake, enjoying with zest the varying scenes and incidents of a piscatorial excursion. And this is the favorite style with a

portion of the angling fraternity. Your trout-preserves, such as Long Island has long been famous for, is too tame for them; it smacks too much of civilization to suit their fancy. No artificial appliances for them. The enthusiastic devotee of the art finds no real pleasure, no true enjoyment, in such modern improvements. He wants the freedom of the wilderness, the life of the camp, and prefers his bed of aromatic spruce to the most luxurious of couches. J. M.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH COURTS.

V.

IMPOSTURES, more successful in their objects if not more famous than the Tichborne case, were being practised in England during the period when the almost interminable trial of Orton, the Wapping butcher, was going on. From several singular cases which we propose to recount it would appear that superstition and credulity are not less rife among English than among French rustics, and that the latter, in crediting the miracles of our Lady of Lourdes and of the foodless girl, are rivaled by the British yeomanry who become the victims of quacks and witchery.

In the diary of that same Orton, otherwise Tichborne, of whom we have spoken, was found a somewhat remarkable maxim, a child, no doubt, of the burly claimant's own brain. It was as follows, couched in rude but pregnant language: "Some has plenty money no brains; some has plenty brains no money; i think them as has plenty money no brains was made for them as has plenty brains no money."

It was a principle upon which this great man himself diligently acted, and which all impostors, before and after him, carry out. Knavery dupes credulity, the world over; nor does the constant exposure of the one have the least effect on opening the eyes of and curing the other.

A curious drama of the *knave-versus-fool* sort was enacted at the pleasant sea-side town of Hull, England, not long ago.

Mr. Henry Jackson, a person of imposing presence and glittering eye, had served in the British army, and had, after leaving it, held the dignity of drum-major of the Hull Rifle Volunteers. But he had wearied of war and mock war, and had made up his mind that his true mission was rather to cure than create physical ills in man. So he had retired from the drum-majorship, had fitted up a sombre and mysterious-looking apartment, and had announced to ailing humanity that, by strange gifts and stranger medicaments, he was ready to assuage his pains and forever banish its imperfections. Mr. Henry Jackson was in the height of success and reputation when a lusty young farmer, who was for the moment out of health, hearing of the great healer's wonderful cures, repaired to him in all childlike confidence.

This rural gentleman, however, after passing through an amazing variety of treatment,

and spending, to no purpose, several hundred pounds, at last awoke to the truth, and had Mr. Henry Jackson indicted at Borough Sessions for obtaining money on false pretenses.

The tale unfolded by the duped Dickett, the treatment he underwent, the wonderful medicines he partook of, the golden promises made to him, were a revelation.

"Professor" Jackson had first told him to blow through a tube into a glass of water, whereupon the water turned immediately like milk. The professor seized the rustic by the arm, and conjured him to lose no time in saying his prayers, for he would not live over two months. Then began the selling of innumerable bottles of "Indian remedy," which gradually made the water turn less milky. Yet poor Dickett was far from being cured, and had yet a hard medicinal road to travel. First he bought a box of stuff said to have come from India, for which he paid three pounds ten, with five shillings extra for expressage from Calcutta. Then he was told by the professor that the great Indian balsam-merchant of whom he had obtained his medicines had just died, at the good age of one hundred and seventy, and that he (the professor) had been lucky enough to obtain the manna and balsams of the aged patriarch. The manna, Dickett was assured, was that which the Israelites used in the wilderness, and that very little of it would keep a person alive many days. For a box of this Dickett gladly paid fifty-one pounds. An analysis having been made of this costly and biblical food, it was found to consist of about six pennyworths of citrate of magnesia; the "elixir of life" turned out to be simply so much colored water; while the "precious ointment" was composed of ordinary butter!

The curious remedies and imposing presence of Mr. Henry Jackson irresistibly remind us of other and less prosaic days, when the dispensers of wonderful Oriental balsams were wont to ply their mystic profession undisturbed by the minions of the law. There are old people still living who can remember a quaint old fellow, who called himself the "County Palatine," who used to harangue the crowd eloquently from a box in Covent-Garden Market, with a negro servant arrayed in gorgeous livery by his side, standing ready to hand him the balsams and elixirs, which were eagerly demanded by his credulous auditors. The fame of the celebrated Joseph Balsamo, immortalized in the history of the "Diamond Necklace," and, as Cagliostro, in Dumas's "Diary of a Physician," is not yet dim. He had gloomy rooms in Knightsbridge, and there dispensed to thousands of the May-fair fashionables "the Egyptian pill of life." It is curious that Balsamo, who plied his trade undisturbed in London, was arrested in Rome, not as a quack, but for spirit-rapping.

An imposture of a more romantic sort was recently exposed in one of the London courts. The perpetrator was an elderly gentleman, aged seventy-five, with glossy white hair and trim side-whiskers, a very noble and patrician air, dressed with the nicest precision, and with a courtly manner which almost compelled respect. He claimed aristocracy of birth; and, although he had *aliases*, they were high-sounding ones. His name

might be Seymour, or it might be Cavendish; justice might take its choice. This prepossessing personage was charged with inveigling foolish young women into matrimony, and swindling them out of whatever money and jewelry of theirs he could lay his hands on. Never was a more remarkable career of imposture and pretense betrayed in a court of justice than that of Mr. Seymour, *alias* Cavendish. He was, in truth, a very old fox indeed; but, as the English adage has it, "the old fox gets fat upon geese, but he comes to the skinner at last;" and the venerable swindler of no less than fifty-six years found a limit to his *fourberies* at last within the walls of Dartmoor Prison.

It transpired that this patrician-looking person was convicted of fraud in France as long ago as the year 1819, when Louis XVIII. was reigning, and but a short four years after Waterloo. He seems to have carried on his operations indiscriminately in all countries; for nine years after he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in Brabant. While residing in Belgium, where he had managed to procure the professorship of languages in a Jesuit college, a demand for his extradition came from France, and he was sentenced to fifteen years more. But the assurance of the accomplished villain stood him in good stead; and, after being securely lodged in a French jail, he induced the jailer to believe that he was the Duke of Devonshire, and bribed him to let him escape from prison in a woman's attire. His principal offenses seem to have been swindling under high-sounding names, varied by an occasional marriage, which he effected with charming indifference to the fact that he was very much married already. At one time he gave himself out as a son of the Duke of Wellington; and here and there he represented himself as the scion of divers noble families. Twice within the past five years he has been convicted in Belgium, once for swindling and once for defrauding the proprietor of a Brussels hotel by forged letters of credit.

His latest exploit was of a piece with the rest, only rather more flavored by romance; although, for the matter of that, his whole career has been a long romance of craft and crime. It appears that one Anne Elizabeth Pugg advertised, very innocently, for a situation as "a lady's companion." To this advertisement Mr. Henry Seymour rendered a quick response. He was a gentleman, he said, of wealth and aristocratic family, and was desirous of engaging a house-keeper to preside over his rural villa in Italy. The confiding Miss Pugg easily swallowed the bait. It was so much better an offer than she could have hoped for! She could live in ease, and on a good salary, beneath the sunny skies and in the balmy breezes of the fair southern land! She met Mr. Seymour, and was delighted with him. He was so gracious, so patrician! The old rascal lavished all his arts upon the trustful young woman; and anon began to touch upon the tenderest of subjects. Miss Pugg was comely, and knew it; after all, Mr. Seymour had good taste, and was so delightful, so irresistible an old gentleman! He told her that he could lay a splendid fortune at her feet, and that, as he

would not probably live long, at his death she might make a marriage with a younger man, and have all his wealth to enjoy with her second spouse. With Miss Pugg's maiden aunt he was not less successful. He was prodigal of his blandishments on this lady, and begged her to be the trustee of the magnificent settlement he intended to make upon her niece. He handed her a package of papers, purporting to be trust-deeds; they were afterward examined, and found to be a bundle of old copies of the *London Times*. After a month's brief and ardent courtship, Anne Elizabeth promised blushing to be his; and soon after they were married, the happy bridegroom signing himself on the register as "Richard Henry Conway Seymour."

But poor Miss Pugg's bliss was not long lasting. In the early days of the honeymoon the large fortune vanished into air. Then the bridegroom began to spend the slender earnings which the confiding bride had intrusted to him "to keep for her." He treated her kindly, however, and never came home tipsy; and she still delighted in his erudite and polished conversation. The poor woman would, perhaps, have clung to him to this day had it not been that, one bright morning, he was rather earnestly called for by the police. He had been at some of his old swindling tricks, and was captured before Anne Elizabeth's own eyes. Then the horrible truth came out that he had another wife, and that there were some reasons to believe that there was an indefinite number of Mrs. Seymours scattered about the globe. At least, it was proved that he was married at Southampton, in 1861, to one Alethea Thomas, which Alethea was still alive, mourning her faithless lord.

Such a character as this is certainly worthy of being called, as Coleridge says, "a psychological study." He was evidently a man of liberal education and fine social accomplishments. He had a clear head and active intellect, capable of cunningly combining intricate schemes, and carrying them out with cool precision and skill. Of the ordinary vices of the adventurous villain he seems to have been quite free. He never ate or drank to excess; was not, as far as could be learned, an *Ahabus* of Baden or Monaco, or of any other of the great gambling centres; his language was always scrupulously proper and elegant; his attire was faultless; his manners were at once gracious and dignified. He seems to have pursued a career of conscienceless fraud for a period of nearly sixty years, for the mere cool love of mischief; and, at threescore and fifteen, found delight in duping a young woman for the sake of the few pounds she had been able to collect by hard and honest labor. Were he to write, as he could do with ability, his adventures during that long half-century, what a tale it would be!

A not less remarkable personage than the venerable and seductive Seymour was a woman who was charged at the Surrey Sessions, not long ago, with the same offense of obtaining money under false pretences. Margaret Anne Dellair was, it may seem, no ordinary or vulgar swindler. "She does not appear," says a writer, describing her trial, "to have

lived the life of the dashing, the aristocratic, or the peripatetic impostor. We hear of no West-End tradesmen victimized in articles of jewelry, point-lace, or dressing-cases; of no carriage-builders deluded out of broughams; no harness-makers fleeced of side-saddles and gold-mounted riding-whips; no wine-merchant cozened into executing orders for claret and champagne. Mrs. Dellair was not one of those beings who drive well-matched piebald ponies in the park, who give *diners à la Russe* terminating with unlimited loo, or who pass off fictitious checks on the keepers of expensive restaurants. There was nothing showy, noisy, or obtrusive about her operations. She touched the harp of chicanery very gently, and played the 'Rogue's March' in the minor key. She shunned the light, and dwelt apart in a corner, and in the centre of a most neatly-constructed little web, which she fondly hoped would elude the observation or escape the besom of justice. She pursued her evil avocation as steadily, quietly, and methodically as if it had been a thoroughly honest and legitimate employment."

Mrs. Dellair was not beautiful, but she had an air of intense respectability. She wore a pair of gold spectacles—which are in themselves a sort of diploma. She dressed with matronly primness; there was even a sort of chapel-going austerity about her appearance and her serene, resigned manner.

Her mode of proceeding was brief and simple enough. She would insert an advertisement in the papers to the effect that "ladies in town and country wishing for remunerative employment in lace, church needlework, etc., might apply to M. D., Fern Cottage, West Croydon." Applicants were requested to send a stamped envelope for the return letter, and they would receive full proof of the lady's respectability. Idle young ladies of small means, maiden ladies who had "seen better days," and wished to earn an honest though it might be a humble living, eagerly caught at a bait so tempting. Letters showed in upon M. D.; Fern Cottage, West Croydon, was fairly besieged, thrice a day, by burdened postmen. To all these missives M. D.—Margaret Dellair—returned a printed circular, in which the work to be furnished was set forth in glowing detail. There was braiding, there was point-lace, there was tatting, there was church needle-work, there was Berlin wool. The ladies who undertook these pleasant tasks were to receive at least a shilling an hour—a "sweet boon" to many an intelligent British spinster. There was but one condition to be fulfilled before ladies could be admitted to share in these delightful toils and spoils. M. D. required that each applicant should pay one guinea "for registration fee, materials, and instruction;" and half the sum would be returned when the work ceased. Post-office orders were to be sent to Margaret Dellair, Fern Cottage, West Croydon.

Some wrote and sent the post-office orders. M. D.'s business waxed great apace. One young lady received, in acknowledgment of her guinea, ten toilet-mats, with materials for braiding them. She returned them to Fern Cottage, but no payment or receipt was

returned. After many weeks, Mrs. Dellair wrote that she had been ill; but there was no mention of remuneration.

Finally, some ladies, overpowered by curiosity, made a pilgrimage to West Croydon. There was Fern Cottage, nestled in the woods. There was Mrs. Dellair, serene, dignified, unpretentious, but full of engrossing engagements. At last, several pugnacious dupes determined that the fraud should not go on. Mrs. Dellair, gold spectacles and all, was put into the dock and tried. It appeared that in six months she had cashed no less than four hundred post-office orders. Her "references" one and all took the stand, and declared that they had never before heard of her. The police came forward, and showed that Margaret Dellair's husband was already serving out a sentence of penal servitude for fraud, and now she herself was sentenced to undergo the same punishment for a period of seven years.

Not many months ago a certain neighborhood in South London was much disturbed by the performance of a strange religious sect, which soon became familiarly known as "the Walworth Jumpers." They held their meetings in an archway just by a railroad-station, and on the evenings when they occurred disorderly crowds assembled to witness them. Young men of a boisterous bent were wont to interrupt the proceedings, much to the chagrin of the "Jumpers" and amusement of the crowd. At last, an unusually noisy fellow, who had been crying, "House bill, a penny!" "Banbury cakes, a penny!" "Half-and-half!" and other shouts proper to a place of public entertainment, was arrested and charged with "unseemly behavior."

The scene that followed in court was a curious one. A number of the "Jumpers" appeared as witnesses; and an exposition of their peculiarities of creed and practice followed.

From one of the principal elders, it appeared that the sect had but one preacher, and that a woman. As for the dancing or "jumping," it was not done for the sake of dancing, but because they were prompted by the spirit of God. "We do not all dance at once; it is, not always the spirit has effect."

"Do those who dance sometimes fall down flat on the floor?"

"No; for we stand by and hold them up to prevent their doing so."

"But are you always ready to catch them?"

"Yes; or they would fall."

Next appeared the "reading lady," a comely young woman of solemn countenance, tall and dark. She was the priestess of the "Jumpers," and thus explained her "manifestations:"

"When they take place I have no power. It is when they feel the word of God, and when it falls on them they remain in an unconscious state for a time, followed by a quickening effect, which turns into a dance. Then some one has to hold them up in the dancing. All who dance have passed from death to life."

"When are the dancers supposed to die?"

"I can tell when they pass from death to life by the symptoms."

"Is it when they faint that they die?"

"No; there is always some indication, such as their not being able to move. I have known some upward of seven hours passing from the old state of Adam to the new."

It was these same "Walworth Jumpers" who, during the past winter, were ousted from the house they had hired in Warwickshire, because the rent was not paid; and who remained for some days encamped by the road-side, dancing, praying, and singing, unsheltered from the wintry storms, until Auberon Herbert, the radical younger brother of the Earl of Carnarvon, gave them the use of one of his barns.

WILD WALLACHIA.

THERE is a popular Austrian song about Wallachia, two verses of which may be translated as follows:

"The huts are old and battered;
The wind their thatch has scattered;
Their doors all broken stand—
O wild Wallachian land!"

"The rulers and the riflers
Are brother justice-stiflers;
The hangman lends his hand—
O wild Wallachian land!"

This brings before the mind a true picture of what Wallachia was, and, in a great measure, still is.

That country is one of the most remarkable but also one of the least known in Europe, and its vast internal resources, not less than its important position from a political point of view, entitle it to more thorough attention than has heretofore been generally accorded to it.

The country seems to have been set apart by Nature from the surrounding provinces. The great Crapak or Carpathian Mountains, impassable except in a few spots, separate it from Transylvania and Hungary on the north, and the wide, yellow flood of the Danube, bending so as to form three sides of a square, cuts it off from Servia and Bulgaria on the west, south, and east. Even from Moldavia, to which it is so closely bound by political and ethnological ties, and which adjoins it on the northeast, it is divided by a considerable branch of the Danube, the river Sereth. The district included within these limits is one vast plain, sloping gradually downward from the heights of the Carpathians to the Danube's tide. Throughout its whole extent there are no forests, and few woodland trees. The mountains rise up, bare and wild, with nothing to break the monotony of their ashy-gray sides. The immense, prairie-like heaths stretch away for many miles, affording an unbroken vista except where the figures of cattle, horses, and sheep, with a few attendants, meet the eye. In the southern part vast swamps begin to appear, rivaling in size, but not in flora, those of our Gulf States. Every thing seems here to be in extremes. The summer is almost as hot as that of the tropics; but, when it has gone, severe cold sets in almost immediately, and the ground is covered with snow for four

months. The heaths afford pasturage for countless herds of domestic animals. The wild-fowl that frequent the swamps are numerous enough to shut out the daylight when they rise. The soil in the great river-valleys and other arable districts is one of the richest in the world; but the droughts are terribly severe, and the swarms of locusts that descend on the growing crops would astonish even a Kansas farmer. Gold, silver, copper, and salt, abound in extensive mines, the supply of salt, especially, seeming to be almost inexhaustible; but the ignorant, degraded, and thoroughly lazy people of the country have made few efforts of any importance to avail themselves of these stores of wealth. Everywhere the results of their idle and shiftless habits of life make themselves visible. The mud-built huts of the peasantry look as if they would tumble down in the first strong gale, and are full of holes and cracks, which no one seems to think of mending. Even in Bucharest, the only city of any importance, a large proportion of the houses are built of mud, and are hardly less shabby and comfortless than those of the villages.

The population of Wallachia consists, in the main, of two great classes, the *boyars*, or nobles, and the peasants. The only other class large enough to mention is that of the merchants and tradesmen, and this has only originated within the last half-century.

The boyars are almost invariably distinguished by a thorough imitation of Parisian manners and dress. Their houses and furniture are modeled upon those of the French metropolis, and in their conversation they attempt to follow the style prevalent in the fashionable *salons* of that city. But under this thin veneering of Paris manners there is always more or less of the true Wallachian characteristics, and in particular of an apparently unconquerable distaste for any regular work. The great occupation of life with these boyars is gambling, and this is usually the nearest approach they make to any thing like an occupation of any sort. When a boyar finds his purse becoming very light, his only resource is the gaming-table; and, should he be fortunate enough to win a large sum there, his gains are considered perfectly legitimate. Instead of being regarded with any less respect on that account, he is looked upon as one who has been very successful as a financier, and is admired and envied by all who hear of his success. Besides being lazy and an inveterate gambler, the boyar is vain, narrow-minded, and, with regard to those he considers his inferiors in rank, inclined to be unjust and tyrannical. It is not strange, therefore, that little or nothing has been done for the country by its highest class. Yet many of this class possess capabilities which, under other influences and with careful training, might make them useful and honorable members of society. The men are often brave and generous, and the women, who are said to resemble Polish ladies in appearance, are not infrequently refined in feeling and manner. It is very unlikely, however, that any direct innovations upon the old ideas and habits will ever be made among this class until some strong internal influence shall have weakened and partly

broken down the results of centuries of bad training and exaggerated ideas of their own importance. A comparative familiarity with the rest of the world will not do it. They accept the various states of things existing in other countries as quite proper and natural for foreigners; but they, the great boyars of Wallachia, are a law unto themselves. So they take a little Paris gilding for the general style of their life and manners, but in all else they are just such Wallachs as their ancestors have been for some centuries.

The Wallachian peasant is absolutely free from any foreign influence, and is in every respect an extraordinary character. He is one of the very dirtiest of mankind, knows no greater happiness than being thoroughly drunk, and is, as a rule—if such a thing be possible—more hopelessly lazy and idle than the boyar. He does little or no work that he can possibly avoid, and, were it not for his plum-trees, would probably starve. The plum-trees require no particular cultivation, and, when their boughs are bending under the splendid purple burden of their fruit, a little shaking is alone necessary to secure the prize. When enough has been sold to supply him with food and clothing for months, there is still enough left to make the brandy required for many glorious carouses; and, on these occasions, he is for the time in a state of supreme bliss.

For the rest, his time is chiefly spent in lying around under the plum-trees, or anywhere in the dirt and sunshine—occasionally rousing himself and collecting his dormant energies for the purpose of administering a sound thrashing to his wife. The latter, who usually does what little work is performed by either, takes these little attentions quite as a matter of course. She would, according to a well-informed German writer, soon become disgusted with a husband who should omit this part of his conjugal duties, and would leave his bed and board on the ground that he was not a person of sufficient *spirit* to entitle him to possess such a treasure as herself. In the same way it is declared that the husband would not be long in severing the bond which bound him to a wife who did not get drunk at least once a week. She would, in his opinion, be entirely too eccentric and "high-flown" for the companionship of ordinary humanity; and he would probably regard her very much as the Far-Western hotel-waiter is said to do those "*perik'ler* kind o' fellers from the East," who actually raise objections to having the dinner-knives cleaned, for dessert, by being rubbed on the waiter's boot-leg!

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the Wallachian peasants are not without good qualities, and are certainly susceptible of mental and moral elevation. They are, in the main, good-hearted and even affectionate, though wife-beating is, unquestionably, not the best proof of the existence of those qualities. They are not apt to be very revengeful, even after flagrant injustice. Their passion for music is most surprising in such an apparently degraded race. They will listen silently and in a tremor of delight to any kind of melody, and will even make a certain amount of physical exertion to obtain such a pleas-

ure. Any music, they seem to think, is worth hearing, and they will often go out of their way to listen to the very wild and primitive musical performances of the wandering gypsies. It would be hard to find one of them who does not possess a rude sort of flute which he has made for himself out of a reed from the marshes; and on these home-made instruments they quickly teach themselves to play a number of sad-toned but by no means unpleasing Wallachian airs.

But the best proof that these peasants are capable of better things lies in the fact that from among them has arisen that new middle class which alone has as yet given any promise of redemption for Wallachia.

The great revolutionary movement which swept over Western Europe in 1848 and the succeeding year did not reach this benighted eastern land; but its influence was indirectly felt even there. Rumors floated in of strong blows struck and daring deeds done for liberty; of thrones that had stood for many hundreds of years thrown down in a single day; of equal rights proclaimed by the great voice of the people. To the great majority of the Wallachian peasants this was something it would be useless to try to understand. But there were, as there always will be in such cases, some bolder spirits and larger minds among them, and to these few, pondering over the strange tidings as they sat amid the squalor and wretchedness of their hovel-villages, or watched their herds and horses on the lonely heaths, there came at last a light that aroused all the dormant energies of their natures. If peasants and tradesmen in other lands could do such mighty deeds, why should not they, too, cease to be brutes? So they reasoned, and that they should reason at all was a great step in advance.

And gradually a change made itself perceptible among these people. Instead of leaving the whole trade of the country in the hands of the Jews, Greeks, and foreigners generally, some of them now began saving what they could, and then engaging in small mercantile enterprises on their own account. Encouraged by success, they soon increased their operations, until they became formidable rivals to the foreigners. Others followed their example as soon as their success was assured, and when the system had once been established its growth was swift and sure. Before 1848 there was positively no middle class of native Wallachians. To-day that class numbers more than fifty thousand, and includes many families of wealth, intelligence, and a fair degree of culture. In Bucharest and the other larger towns their houses are among the most comfortable and handsome that are to be seen, and there is every reason to believe that, as they increase in numbers and wealth, those dull, straggling, ugly towns will become really worthy the name of cities.

The principle of work has thus been established, and the old-time traditions, with their attendant misery and degradation, must eventually go down before it. The boyars will, of course, resist the innovations; but the present Hospodar of the Roumanian principalities (Wallachia and Moldavia) is an

enlightened German prince who has already acquired great popularity, and will, at least, place no obstructions in the way of the revolution.

It can hardly be doubted, then, that the salvation of that great country, so full of magnificent opportunities of various kinds, is now close at hand, and that, in a few decades of years, "Wild Wallachia" will have become a thing of the past.

W. W. CRANE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE London *Spectator*, in discussing the mental effects of pecuniary distress, inquires why the sufferings that arise from poverty should be more dreaded than those that come from any other cause. It thinks that "there can scarcely be a doubt that pecuniary trouble is of all trouble the one that most absorbs its victim, that most completely destroys his strength, that most certainly evolves the despairing sense of loneliness which is the precursor and cause of suicide." The intensity of this particular trouble is due, the writer thinks, to the fact that it is always present. "The man who feels it feels it always, to-day as yesterday, waking or asleep, in pleasure or in pain, and will, he thinks, feel it more intensely to-morrow." This strained and prolonged tension is too much for most nerves, and the mind gives way to the pressure of protracted despair. But why, the writer asks, is this tension so extreme? "Why do men, and especially men just outside the limit of poverty, fear poverty so much more, especially for others, than they fear still graver evils? Why, for instance, will a father, half-maddened by the idea that his daughter will be reduced to manual labor, remain comparatively tranquil when informed that all the symptoms which indicate cancer are present in the object of his affection? The popular answer that poverty, in our artificial state of society, involves all miseries—hunger, overwork, humiliation—is scarcely sufficient; for human beings able to judge would choose them all in preference to cancer." The writer believes that two reasons may be given for this peculiar horror of poverty. The first is, that men fear most those future troubles which they most clearly realize, and that, with the majority of mankind, the imagination is so feeble that they can realize very few. The sufferings that arise from pecuniary distress are keenly understood. "What will become of my children when I am gone?" is a thought which tortures many a parent because his own experience has so adequately measured the prolonged pains of poverty, while the sufferings that come of a cancer or other physical illness are but imperfectly comprehended. The second cause the writer believes to exist in "the sense of injustice which enters into this peculiar form of suffering. Men submit to evils visibly dealt

out to them by Heaven or Fate with a resignation they are often unable to display under evils in which human will is an operating cause." These reasons by the *Spectator* essayist seem to us well enough, but we are inclined to think that the principal reason why men so strikingly dread pecuniary distress is given by the writer in question, in his description of the prolonged nature of this kind of distress. A parent's imagination may be quite sufficient to realize the various kinds of evil that threaten his child, and yet pecuniary suffering may take an apparently disproportionate place in his apprehensions because of all things he dreads the life-long struggle it often involves. One's fears for a friend at sea are more keen than for one traveling upon land, even if the risk be no greater, and this is because a disaster at sea is so apt to be attended by long hours of agony, either of terrible apprehension or actual suffering; while a calamity on land is usually so swift as to be accomplished almost as soon as it is known. This prolongation of suffering, therefore, is the main reason, we think, why pecuniary distress is so keenly felt and so keenly dreaded for ourselves and for our offspring; and then, in case of a parent, the imagination dwells upon the subject so painfully and persistently because the threatened evil is one that he feels he ought to be able in some way to avert. He is tormented by his helplessness in a matter in which he believes it should be his peculiar province to be helpful; he sees that his failures, his inability to struggle successfully with the world, are certain dowry of misfortune to those he loves best in the world, and of course these reflections give double pain to his apprehensions.

A CORRESPONDENT takes issue with Mr. Julian Hawthorne's sentiments in regard to speaking foreign languages, as set forth in an extract in the *JOURNAL* of May 1st.—Mr. Hawthorne remarked that "a person who speaks a foreign language so well as to deceive a native, is rarely a delicate-minded man. He will either be subtle, deceitful, sly, with a talent for intrigue, or else superficial, coarse, and vain." Our correspondent responds by saying: "Everybody may not have as delicate and sensitive feelings as Mr. Hawthorne, nor be able to make so close an analysis of them, but I feel sure that in ordinary minds the shame most frequently arises from an inability to pronounce a foreign language correctly." We would suggest to this writer that he is taking Mr. Hawthorne's utterances too seriously, who, if we are not in error, was simply indulging in a little fantastic humor. But our correspondent endeavors to push the matter to a logical conclusion. "Why," he asks, "should there be any shame in imitating the accent of a foreigner? Wherein is there any wrong in imitation of any kind? All the arts are imitations. What is the sublime art of painting

but the most unblushing imitation? The greatest production of the most renowned artist, which fills us with wonder and delight, is but a copy of Nature. The sky, the earth, the water, the animals, the people, are all imitations, and make the success or failure of the picture, according to the exactness of their likeness." All this is a somewhat forced deduction from Mr. Hawthorne's extravagant fancy, but we quote it in order to set our correspondent right in one particular. Art is not imitation. Imitation, it is true, is an element in art; but painting or sculpture that consists wholly of imitation is worthless. A wax-figure in a hair-dresser's window is a much closer imitation of a female figure than the "Greek Slave;" and a photograph is a more accurate copy of the mere facts of a landscape than a painting can be, but neither wax-figure nor photograph has any art-value. Art is rather the translation than the imitation of Nature; it is not so much the reproduction of forms as the expression of moods and sentiments; it is the imagination and sympathy of the artist with Nature told in poems of color. We find it impossible, for instance, to see in any landscape the wonderful golden yellows of Gifford's paintings, but tender, and beautiful, and delightful are Gifford's strangely-toned pictures, nevertheless. Imitation, we repeat, has its place in art; but art that is simply imitation—that is not charged with the producer's own sentiment and feeling—is not worth having; is, in fact, not art at all.

IX the telegraphic accounts of the appalling wreck of the steamship Schiller on the Scilly Islands, we read sentences as follows: "There was the usual rush for the boats, but nearly all of them were stove before they could be got clear of the steamer;" "There were seven boats launched, but only two of them lived;" "It is not probable that the boats could have lived in the rough sea even if they had been successfully filled with passengers;" "The stern-tackle was released too soon, leaving the boats suspended by the bows. Three boats then got away. One of them, a life-boat, was so badly injured that she sank, and eleven of the people on board of her were rescued by the other boats;" "Two boats came out from St. Agnes and rescued the few persons who had managed to keep afloat." Here we have a repetition of a calamity that inevitably occurs at a wreck at sea—the boats prove useless. There has not been a disaster at sea for several years that we have not had occasion to point out what we are pointing out now—that the boats specially provided for emergencies of this kind are useless when those emergencies arise—are, indeed, usually more than useless, for those who trust to them are only hastened to their doom. In this instance of the Schiller there can be no doubt that a large proportion of the passengers might

have been saved had there been any means to keep them afloat. The disaster occurred only a few miles from a harbor, and by daylight boats of rescue were at hand. Large numbers who had been clinging to the masts were lost because, when they fell, being of iron, they immediately sank. There appeared to have been little or no floating *débris* to which the passengers could cling; and, above all, there were no *rafts*. We have repeatedly urged in these columns that all ships should be well equipped with rafts, so constructed that they would float either side up, and so placed that they could be readily launched. We have argued that, in many shipwrecks where the great need is to keep afloat for a few hours, rafts would be found of immense utility; and now we cannot doubt that, had the Schiller been suitably provided in this way, the disaster would not have been so great by many lives. Whatever doubts exist among our ship-owners as to the practical advantage of rafts in disasters at sea, we submit that these prejudices should yield at once so far as to give rafts a practical trial. It is perfectly obvious that boats are of very little use. In case of fire at sea they afford, no doubt, a fairly adequate means of escape; but it is almost impossible to launch a boat loaded with people in a high sea; and when a ship is on the rocks, with the breakers dashing over it, the so-called life-boats are simply fearfully misnamed—they are almost certain to be death-boats to all who trust in them.

A VERY old and absurd custom of the English House of Commons is in danger. In times when monarch and nobility were every thing, and the people nothing, it was a "privilege" of Parliament to sit with closed doors. What those whom the town-house pretended to represent learned of its proceedings got to them by merest dribbles of rumors, and such accounts as the members themselves chose to tell. So lately as a century ago it was an offense against "privilege" to report the doings of the House without its permission. Two centuries ago, Sir Edward Dering was clapped into the Tower for printing his speeches; but Shaftesbury printed his despite the prohibition, knowing his strength. The papers were again warned, after the Restoration, against "giving any account or minutes of the debates;" and, after Dr. Johnson got to reporting them, the House of Commons once more forbade the practice, and resolved to proceed "with the utmost severity against the offender." The contest went on for years, and as late as 1771 Alderman Olion was sent to the Tower for infringing on "privilege." At last, reports of the proceedings, though prohibited, were allowed to be made with impunity, except on occasions when particular reports were complained of by members. To defend the "privilege" of Parliament, the old custom to

which we have referred was brought in use. This was the right of any one member, by calling the Speaker's attention to the fact that there were "strangers" in the House, to exclude all persons, including reporters, from it, except members and officials. This power, resting in the hands of each of the six hundred and fifty-eight members, continues to this very day. On the occasion of the recent collision between the press and the House, on the subject of the foreign-loans investigation, Mr. Sullivan threatened to enforce it. But the power of the press and of public opinion have got too strong to be set at naught by an antiquated privilege committing the publicity of debate to the fitful caprice of any offended Commoner; and it has been agreed by the leaders of both parties to so far modify it as to render it necessary for a majority of the House to exclude "strangers." It is too late in the day, however, to make the debates of a popular House of Commons a sealed book. The papers will not stand it, neither will the people; John Bull must and will have his political reading at breakfast, or else he will growl ominously.

LITTLE Belgium is, no doubt, a tempting titbit in the eyes of gorged yet still greedy Germany. It is such a cozy and snug, such a thrifty and prosperous little state, with fine harbors, and rich lands, and an industrious and peaceable people, and valuable industries, that it would be a *bonne-bouche* for any big neighbor, however well-conditioned. Belgium would be exceedingly convenient to Germany. It would be one more strong barrier in the face of France; the line of the Meuse would be worth a hundred thousand men in a military sense; the Belgian ports would be just what Germany wants for naval stations in the German Ocean; Belgian soldiers are capital war material; and the Belgian budget each year betrays that rare phenomenon in Continental finance—a goodly surplus of revenue over expenditure. It would be no wonder if Bismarck, who has a keen eye out for small acquisitions as well as great, were to cast covetous eyes upon this model nation of active and well-to-do Flemings. This is what has given rise to so much alarm *à propos* of the "notes" that have been passing between Berlin and Brussels. Those who think that every movement of the great chancellor is aggressive and has something serious in reserve, concealed behind commonplace diplomatic forms, jump at once to the conclusion that he is seeking a good excuse to march the Uhlans across the Rhine and upon "the lazy Scheldt." But Belgium is the peculiar pet and *protégée* of England; England, indeed, created Belgium; there are close ties of cousinship and friendship between the two royal houses; and were Belgium attacked England would, with little doubt, shake off the sluggishness with which she has latterly regarded the politics of Europe. She has

another interest in the matter than the protection of a ward; for she does not in the least relish the prospect of a fleet of German iron-clads on the waters which wash her own cliff-bound shores. Such a fleet, almost in sight of Dover, would be a perpetual menace; and the income-tax would have to rise many pennies in the pound to keep up a rival marine armament. France is equally interested to oppose any such annexation; and, crippled as she is, would be likely to join with England were such a design to become unmistakably apparent. Bismarck is rash, but he always looks before he leaps; and herein, perhaps, is the safety of the little kingdom.

To a correspondent at Oberlin, Ohio, who criticises our recent comments on the need of a new pronoun, we would say that, of course, it is comparatively easy to avoid the error mentioned. What we pointed out was that writers are very generally betrayed into an error or an awkwardness on this account, and that this fact establishes the need, or at least illustrates the desirability, of a personal pronoun singular that can be used for either sex. The famous English statesman Fox once said that the great Pitt always began a sentence at the beginning, with a clear perception of the end; but, as for himself, he jumped into the middle of his sentences, and trusted (the reader must excuse the irreverence) to God Almighty to get him out again! Speakers and writers of the Pitt order can manage, no doubt, to do very well with the language as it is; but all that vast multitude of the impulsive Fox order would be very glad indeed to have the language fortified on all sides, and amply furnished on all sides. In an article now before us in the London *Spectator*, from which we have been quoting elsewhere, two sentences occur in which the need, or let us say the convenience, of a pronoun such as we have mentioned is shown. One is as follows: "The man or woman who feels it, feels it always, to-day as yesterday, and will, *he* thinks," etc. The other is: "A thought which tortures many a father and mother until the sufferer in *his* madness," etc. One, in truth, discovers instances of the need of such a pronoun on all sides continually.

ONE of the newspapers, in describing the centennial anniversary of Ethan Allen's feat at Ticonderoga on May 10th, remarked that the day "was celebrated to a very patriotic and fatiguing extent." This is a very significant sentence, one that ought to be printed in large type and sent to every committee in this country having in charge the ceremonies pertaining to occasions of the kind. But patriotic anniversaries are not the only variety that are celebrated to a "fatiguing extent." Festivals of all kinds are usually laid out on a too large and ambitious plan,

and far too much overweighted with details. At a dinner-party the toasts are invariably too numerous, and the speeches too many and too long; an excursion-party is sure to attempt too great a distance, and almost inevitably the excursionists return utterly prostrated by excessive exertion; a festive procession is sure to be dragged over many intolerable miles, and the happy zeal of the opening hours transformed into resentful weariness ere the route is completed; and so on, in all our pleasures, we see the same sort of excess. The advantage and the charm of a festivity are lost if body and soul are exhausted by fatigue. Not only is the pleasure of the day destroyed, but the partakers are deprived of the happy recollections that ought to cluster around occasions of the kind. We therefore beseech committees who are planning anniversaries of any kind, to understand that one secret of enjoyment is to keep the energies fresh and the attention alert, and that, if they have no knowledge themselves of the limits of human endurance, then they should consult physicians, or take other precautionary advice in the matter. It would be a good thing, moreover, if they would endeavor to learn the number of minutes in an hour, in order that they may not attempt to force a programme requiring six hours to carry out into the compass of half the time. Zeal and ambition on the part of these gentlemen are excellent things; but a little discretion, a small sum of knowledge, and a slight attempt at calculation, would also entitle them to the praise of those of us who are too often their helpless victims.

At last a monument is to be erected to the poet of Newstead and the hero of Missolonghi. It is singular that, while the English have been lavish in their architectural homages to princes like Albert of Coburg and the jovial Duke of York, statesmen like Fox and nobles like the Duke of Bedford, as yet there exists no open-air monument to either Shakespeare, Chaucer, Goldsmith, or Byron. Tardy justice of the monumental kind, however, is shortly to be done to the first and last of these, each the greatest poet of his time. At this late day, remote by more than half a century from Byron's death, the world has far less to do with his personal vicissitudes and vices than with that of him which has survived death and defies calumny. It is very clear to-day that Byron was in truth a great poet, and that as such he will endure. Half a century in these times of very much writing and claim-making to fame is a long probation; the man who has survived the test certainly deserves a monument. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that a memorial is to be erected over the poet's grave in the church near by his lordly domain of Newstead Abbey; and this idea has given rise to the other, that London should somewhere be adorned by a colossal statue of the inspired

peer, poet, and soldier. When the most gorgeous monument ever erected in England has been erected in Hyde Park in memory of the amiable but by no means great Prince Albert, surely Byron deserves to stand in effigy somewhere in the great metropolis which was the principal scene of his erratic and brilliant career.

A CONTEMPORARY, writing about the new *Tribune* Building, says: "Its solid and honest construction throughout makes it not only fire-proof in the best sense of that term, but an example of no slight moral value in this age of sham architecture." No doubt the *Tribune* structure is all that it is here claimed to be, but it is a mistake to talk about this "age of sham architecture." In pretty nearly all our architecture the foundations are ampler, the walls are thicker, the material is better, than they were in similar structures forty or fifty years ago. Of our recent New-York structures, the *Tribune* building is far from being alone in elements of "solid and honest construction." The period of frail building culminated about thirty or forty years ago, and the change for the better that set in at that time was largely promoted by the insurance-companies, who either refused altogether to insure badly-constructed buildings or charged enormous rates; the consequence was, that builders soon found that they could not afford to put up poor structures. If the insurance-companies now could only exercise a similar control over the taste of our architects, we should then be enabled to look to the architecture of the future with hope and confidence.

Literary.

IN due course Mr. George Henry Lewes has published the second volume of that philosophical system in which, unless we are greatly mistaken, he means to embody the great work of his life, and to which he has given a title befitting the wide reach of its subject—"Problems of Life and Mind." Readers of the *JOURNAL* may, perhaps, remember how we tried to do our part in giving a hearty welcome to the first volume, and to the design of the series when it first appeared, two years or more ago. We said that there was no English writer on philosophical subjects whose works we followed with more real pleasure than Mr. Lewes; and we have found no reason to change either the sentiment or the phrase. Not bringing him for a moment into comparison with originators and builders-up of philosophies, like Spencer and Mill, there is yet something peculiarly fascinating to us in his manner of thought and in his style of study—something that always seems to lead to precisely the points that have remained most interesting and attractive for us. Even as a purely literary pleasure, the enjoyment of reading Mr. Lewes's books is very great. His clear, bright style and vigorous directness are qual-

ities rare enough in discussions of the metaphysical, or, as Mr. Lewes prefers to call it, the metemphysical.

This second volume,* the continuation of "The Foundations of a Creed," deals with the problems of "The Principles of Certitude," the "Known and Unknown," "Matter and Force," "Force and Cause," and the "Absolute in the Correlations of Feeling and Motion." These are titles which have a formidable look to any but the devoted student of philosophic systems; yet the book has nothing about it of what may be called the cant of metaphysics—for metaphysics have their cant as well as all else. There are constantly occurring passages which hold something more than the drier kind of speculation.

"Many philosophers are dissatisfied with any thing less than absolute certitude, and deny this to be attainable. In our former volume it was indicated that the relativity of knowledge does not necessarily involve the discredit of absolute certitude within that sphere. We must, however, make clear to ourselves the terms we use. It is obvious that man cannot know what by its definition is placed beyond the range of knowledge; therefore to be rational we must restrict ourselves within the human range, and ask whether absolute irreversible certitude is possible there. Knowledge is relative; the horizon recedes as we advance; no sooner is a definite conception reached, than the impetus of search carries us onward in quest of a conception which will explain (include) it. Restless, because incessantly stimulated, we must advance. Impatient of finality, we make each goal, when reached, a starting-point for further quest. Noble and beneficent in many ways, this unquenchable fervor, which after conquering worlds sighs for other worlds to conquer, has also its weak and mischievous side, and therefore needs a wise control. How to secure its benefits and escape its dangers is indeed a difficulty, till we have learned our limitations, and learned to accept them without repining. Resignation without apathy is the great practical lesson of life. Acquiescence without indolence is the great speculative lesson. Conscious of high aims and feeble powers, we must do our utmost to extend those powers and realize those aims, at the same time that we clearly recognize the limits which separate what is modifiable from what is unmodifiable."

In the few quotations which we can make from Mr. Lewes's second volume, we select, first of all, one summing up the chapter on "The Absolute in Feeling and Motion," because Mr. Lewes embodies in it a view which he himself speaks of as "novel," and likely to excite objection even in the mind of the "sympathetic reader." We quote it without comment—it is an advocacy of the view of all modes of existence as but differentiations, not absolutely different forces:

"We may now condense the various arguments of this chapter in a single statement. Existence—the absolute—is known to us in feeling, which in its most abstract expression is change, external and internal. The external changes are symbolized as motion, because that is the mode of feeling into which all others are translated when objectively considered: objective consideration being the attitude of

looking at the phenomena, whereas subjective consideration is the attitude of any other sensible response, so that the phenomena are different to the different senses. There is no real break in the continuity of existence; all its modes are but differentiations. We cannot suppose the physical organism and its functions to be other than integrant parts of the cosmos from which it is formally differentiated; nor can we suppose the physical organism and its functions to be other than integrant parts of this physical organism from which it is ideally separated. Out of the infinite modes of existence a group is segregated, and a planet assumes individual form; out of the infinite modes of this planetary existence smaller groups are segregated in crystals, organisms, societies, nations. Each group is a special system, having forces peculiar to it, although in unbroken continuity with the forces of all other systems. Out of the forces of the animal organism a special group is segregated in the nervous mechanism, which has its own laws. If ideally we contrast any two of these groups—a planet with an organism, or an organism with a nervous mechanism—their great unlikeness seems to forbid identification. They are indeed different, but only because they have been differentiated. Yet they are identical, under a more general aspect. In like manner, if we contrast the world of sensation and appetites with the world of conscience and its moral ideals, the unlikeness is striking. Yet we have every ground for believing that conscience is evolved from sensation, and that moral ideals are evolved from appetites; and thus we connect the highest mental phenomena with vital sensibility, sensibility with molecular changes in the organism, and these with changes in the cosmos.

"This unification of all the modes of existence by no means obliterates the distinction of modes, nor the necessity of understanding the special characters of each. Mind remains mind, and is essentially opposed to matter, in spite of their identity in the absolute; just as pain is not pleasure, nor color either heat or taste, in spite of their identity in feeling. The logical distinctions represent real differentiations, but not distinct existents. If we recognize the one in the many, we do not therefore refuse to admit the many in the one."

One more passage, and we will give up all further attempt to speak of a philosophical system in a page. This passage is the excellent one with which the chapter on "Force and Cause" concludes:

"The one constant burden of my remarks is that of recalling speculation from the futile phantom-search which disregards what is plainly given in experience, and desires something not to be found there. If science necessarily looks beyond and away from the present fact in search of its determining factors, it must also connect in a synthesis what it separates in analysis; and, having found the factors, must see them passing into and determining the product. In life, it is the present moment, the present fact, which is important; the moments which preceded, the facts which went before it, borrow all their interest from their relation to it. The mind, indeed, must 'look before and after,' but it stands upon the 'now' and the 'fact' with which it has to deal. We are but too apt, in our impatience, to neglect the present moment, casting lingering glances backward on the days that are gone, and longing glances forward to the days that are to come, as if the former had not been, and the latter will not be, simple pres-

ents. We fail thus to enjoy the present, and to estimate the event or the man that is with us; we let the irrecoverable opportunity slip by, to regret it when it is gone. We are always going to reform our habits, and beautify our lives. We put off needful labor for a time of leisure, and when that time comes it is fully occupied with petty solicitations. We are drawn away from the sufferings or the needs of those immediately near us, thinking it a greater work to give all our efforts to lessen the evils pressing on those who are distant and unknown. We neglect the strenuous duties of this daily life in favor of a barren contemplation of a future. In practice, as in philosophy, the great lesson to be learned is not to separate the real from the ideal, not to sacrifice the one to the other, but to recognize the ideal in the real, and blend the two in one."

MR. STODDARD's latest selection* for the "Bric-à-Brac Series" does not seem to us quite as successful as those he had previously made. Neither of the people from whose note-books and autobiographic memoranda the present volume is made up had any thing to tell that approached in interest what Moscheles, Chorley, Barham, and Harness, could give; nor does their manner of telling what they have approach in vivacity the bright, sketchy records of Moore and Jerdan.

The story of the Princess Charlotte, especially in that early youth with which Cornelia Knight's recollections are so much concerned, is not made one-half as interesting in these passages as it is in two-thirds of the many writings which deal with it. It is told in rather a miss-*ish* way, the little of it that is told at all; and we confess we found it duller reading than we had thought could easily be made out of this pathetic if not tragic episode of history.

As for the anecdotes, which are collected without much form or method in other parts of the book, there is a wonderfully small number of good ones among them. The very charm of such a series as the "Bric-à-Brac" is that it must consist of the brightest bits cut out from that enormous patch-work of personal gossip and reminiscence, which is as unlike the ordinary *lebendiges Kleid* history weaves as a Turkey carpet is unlike a piece of grave broadcloth. But the moment these chosen pieces cease to be bright, and are taken from the dull filling of the stuff, they are neither one thing nor the other, and have but little attraction. The permanent success of the "Bric-à-brac Series" will depend upon the consistency with which the original plan is adhered to.

We have always found ourselves justified in feeling glad at hearing of a new novel by the author of "The Maid of Sker." Accordingly, we were glad when we heard of the coming publication of "Alice Lorraine,"† and the book, now that we have it, proves any thing but disappointing.

In none of his fresh, breezy stories has

* Personal Reminiscences by Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes. (The Bric-à-Brac Series, edited by R. H. Stoddard.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† Alice Lorraine. A Tale of the South Downs. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "The Maid of Sker," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Blackmore had more opportunity for keeping his reader in a healthful, out-of-door atmosphere, and in none has he given us better touches of his peculiar drawing of scenery among which one feels fully fresh and alive. These are quieter scenes, it is true, and more pastoral; but Mr. Blackmore does not let them grow dull. The book is full of passages of great delicacy and beauty. This, for instance, among the opening paragraphs, pleases us; Mr. Blackmore has been describing a quiet English landscape, and says:

"Here no man, however lame he may be from the road of life, after sitting awhile and gazing, can deny himself to be refreshed and even comforted. Though he hold no commune with the heights so far above him, neither with the trees that stand in quiet audience soothingly, nor even with the flowers still as bright as in his childhood, yet to himself he must say something—better said in silence. Into his mind and heart and soul, without any painful knowledge or the noisier trouble of thinking, pure content with his native land and its claim on his love are entering. The power of the earth is round him with its lavish gifts of life—bounty from the lap of beauty, and that cultivated glory which no other land has earned."

"Instead of panting to rush abroad and be lost among jagged obstacles, rather let one stay within a very easy reach of home, and spare an hour to saunter gently down this meadow-path. Here in a broad, bold gap of hedge, with bushes inclined to heal the breach, and mallow-leaves hiding the scar of chalk, here is a stile of no high pretense, and comfortable to gaze from. For hath it not a preface of planks, constructed with deep anatomical knowledge, and delicate study of maiden decorum! And lo! in spite of the planks—as if to show what human nature is—in the body of the stile itself, toward the end of the third bar down, are two considerable nicks, where the short-legged children from the village have a sad habit of coming to think. Here, with their fingers in their mouths, they sit and think, and scrape their heels, and stare at one another, broadly taking estimate of life. Then, with a push and scream, the scramble and the rush down-hill begin, ending (as all troubles should) in a trackless waste of laughter."

Mr. Blackmore often makes studies in the Dutch school—dwells minutely upon some bit of surroundings, or upon some feature of scenery, or some animal, or what not; but there is always enough either of delicate touch or dry humor about these studies to make them any thing but tedious. Here is what may be called a "study of a donkey," for instance:

"A donkey of such a clever kind, and so set up with reasoning powers and a fine heart of his own that all his conclusions were almost right until they were beaten out of him. His name was 'Jack,' and his nature was of a level and sturdy order, resenting wrongs, accepting favors, with all the teeth of gratitude, and braying (as all clever asses do) at every change of weather. His personal appearance also was noble, striking, and romantic; and his face reminded all beholders of a well-colored pipe-bowl upside-down—for all his muzzle and nose were white, as snowy white as if he always wore a nosebag newly floured from the nearest windmill. But just below his eyes, and across the mace of his jaws, was a ring of brown, and above that not a speck of white,

but deepening into cloudy blackness throughout all his system. Then (like the crest of Hector) rose a menacing frontlet of thick hair, and warlike ears as long as horns, yet genially revolving; and body and legs, to complete the effect, conceived in the very best taste to match.

"These great virtues of the animal found their balance in small foibles. A narrow-minded, self-seeking vein, a too vindictive memory, an obstinacy more than asinine, no sense of honor, and a habit of treating too many questions with the teeth or heels. These had lowered him to his present rank, as may be shown hereafter."

Of the plot of "Alice Lorraine" we shall spoil nothing by description, but we assure the really appreciative reader that, as in Mr. Black's "Adventures of a Phaeton," he will find a more lasting satisfaction in the style and the scene-drawing than any plot could give him.

Two volumes of Mr. Rossiter Johnson's very successful "Little Classics" have been published in quick succession by Messrs. Osgood & Co. The first of these, "Childhood," contains "A Dog of Flanders," by Louis de la Ramé; "The King of the Golden River," by John Ruskin; "The Lady of Shalott," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Marjorie Fleming," by John Brown, M. D.; "Little Jakey," by Mrs. S. H. De Kroyft; "The Lost Child," by Henry Kingsley; "Goody Gracious!" and "The Forget-me-Not," by John Neal; "A Faded Leaf of History," by Rebecca Harding Davis; and "A Child's Dream of a Star," by Charles Dickens. The second, "Heroism" (the tenth of the series), has the following table of contents: "Little Briggs and I," by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; "Ray," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Three November Days," by Benjamin F. Taylor; "The Forty-seven Rôlins," by A. Bertram Mitford; "A Chance Child," by Isabella Mayo; and "A Leaf in the Storm," by Louis de la Ramé. One more volume, "Fortune," will conclude the prose series. After this there are to be published three volumes of poems (one more than at first intended), and the whole will end with a volume of critical and biographical sketches of all the authors from whose works selections have been made.

THE London *Spectator* has a damaging criticism upon the article on "American Literature" in the new "Encyclopædia Britannica," the writer of which, it declares, has gone "wide of the mark, in spite of his careful reading, his polished style, and the air of finish which he has contrived to throw over his work." Pointing out some of the main errors, it says: "N. P. Willis is written of here as though he were still living; the well-known 'Hillard' becomes 'Hilliard'; the 'Biglow Papers' at one place are spoken of as a series of metrical pamphlets 'born of the last great social and political struggle of the New World'; Thoreau is denounced as a mere morbid solitary—which is the common view of him, we admit, however mistaken it may be—but while Emerson, still living, is liberally praised for his philanthropy, poor Thoreau, far distant—dead—although he surpassed his master in at least one thing, gets no praise whatever." But, passing from lesser errors like these, the reviewer makes the comments on E. P. Whipple the decisive testing-point of the article: "This writer quotes Griswold's opinion of E. P. Whipple, to the effect that he is one of the

most subtle, discriminating, and profound of critics, and, giving no opinion himself, quietly inserts a mark of exclamation at the passage, as one might do at a friend's foolish and exaggerated admiration of a friend. Well, we hold that Edwin Whipple is one of the most 'subtle, discriminating, and profound' of critics, and confess that a patient perusal of his collected works, in six volumes, and several shorter articles in the *North American Review*, imposed upon us by this encyclopedist, has only served to deepen our conviction. Nor are we alone in this opinion. His is no provincial fame, though special circumstances confined him long to anonymous or merely periodical writing. Macaulay said that some of Whipple's essays were the subtlest and ablest and clearest in expression that he had ever read. Miss Mitford wrote that they would bear comparison with any of their class in the older country. Prescott declared that no critic had 'ever treated his topics with more discrimination and acuteness.' His writings are often quoted in France." The critic adds: "It is surely too much at our time of day for any one to try to put Whipple down by a mere mark of exclamation! As those who have benefited by the study of Whipple's writings, we were startled, and, on consideration, determined to brace ourselves up to say a word for him in this country. We had intended to fortify our position by some extracts from his essays, but space forbids. We can only add that his essay on Wordsworth itself would have made a reputation for another man, and that delicious morsels are to be found on every page of his books, which those who read will find. Besides his fine thought and rare instinct for the beautiful, he was a master of style, and well deserves to be recommended for study in that regard to critics in this country, instead of being contemptuously dismissed as he has been." . . . According to a paragraph current in the journals, an "Imperial Chinese Encyclopædia" is now, and has been for a century, passing through the press, of which nearly one hundred thousand volumes have already appeared, and sixty thousand volumes are yet to come to complete the undertaking! . . . While transferring the museum of the India Office to South Kensington, a discovery was made of valuable papers relating to the East India Company in Hindostan, between the reigns of James I. and George II. "This," says the *Athenæum*, "is a wonderful windfall for the India Museum authorities, and it is expected that the records discovered will throw much light upon the questionable transactions of the English in the East during a stormy period. It is supposed that among the documents, which are numerous, several important facsimiles, or even originals, of treaties with the principal Hindoo and Mohammedan dynasties of the time will be found which will afford a good deal of information about the historical entanglements of the period." . . . If all the world were fully aware what gigantic fortunes may be made in publishing the books written by men of genius in obscure places, there would be an uncomfortable rush of capitalists into the business. As proof of what awaits enterprising men in this direction, we copy a few sentences from a postal card recently addressed to us: "I have a new book more than half wrote that is really the most valuable book that has been wrote and published in 50 years of 700 pages, that will out sell all other books in the world." The writer proceeds to promise "from 2000 to 5000 copies daily for years." The opportunity for a fortune is certainly an excellent one if all this be true.

The Arts.

A LARGE number of works by George Inness are now in Richards's exhibition-rooms at Boston.

About five years since, Mr. Inness went to Europe, and from time to time has sent from there pictures of Rome, and views from Perugia and other places. He has now returned to this country, to reside at Medfield, near Boston, and has brought home with him a good many paintings, the results of five years' work.

Mr. Inness is looked upon by a great many competent persons as the finest American landscape-painter. As a colorist he is very remarkable, and he has extraordinary power in expressing through paint a wild storm, a warm evening glow, great aerial space, a serene sky, or a sharp wind. Most painters of landscape have some particular phase of Nature which they delight to repeat, and one can almost at a glance tell who is the artist from the silvery clouds and green fields of Mr. Hubbard's paintings; the limpid water in Mr. Sanford Gifford's charming scenes with the warm glow of summer skies above them, or Mr. McEntee's November woods. Very few artists have a great range of subjects, or rather very few of them regard Nature from many stand-points.

Among the English landscapists Turner had the widest variety, and his thought ranged all the way from the tree-forms, expressed with almost Dutch minuteness, to studies of rock exact enough to have served for a geologist's study, and to most carefully-marked cloud-character, where every rain-cloud or billow vapor could be perfectly distinguished from its neighbors higher or lower in the air.

The paintings of Mr. Inness express a great many of these different styles of viewing the scenery of earth, sky, and water. His largest work in this collection depicts a great grove of stone-pines in the Barbarini Villa at Albano. A mass of green trees so solid that a wagon could almost be driven over their closely compressed tops, form the largest portion of the foreground. A few of these beautiful pines stand separate from the rest, and are traced bright and clear, with light-colored branching trunks supporting their umbrella-shaped tops.

The great mass of the trees are in shadow, but these separate ones and a belt of olives beneath them are lighted up and made brilliant by a long sunbeam that crosses the foreground. Behind the pine-grove the land slopes rapidly down into the flat long plain of the Campagna, and, far away beyond its misty level, the blue waves of the Mediterranean wash the shore. A lovely Italian sky flecked with white clouds spreads above this picture, and some old ruins and a horse grazing in the foreground are the only indications in it of life. The picture is very highly finished, and, while the subject is a simple one, its sunny, breezy beauty gives it a most charming effect.

Another picture of Italy, sketchy and undefined when examined closely, but, seen at a little distance, falling into broad sweeps of shape and color, is a view of the Northern

Campagna. Long reaches of bright fields dotted with cattle extend beneath windy clouds that come up from a dim horizon. From overhead, a bright white sunshine bathes in light some old ruins, and a flock of sheep, which with their shepherd appear strong and natural when the picture is a short distance removed.

We examined this picture in a separate room, where its excellences clearly appeared in the midst of some fine landscapes by eminent artists. The broad sweeps of light, though they were apparently slightly indicated, seemed full of exquisite gradation and tender variety. One stroke of the brush, that apparently had little form, divided itself so delicately that each particular hair absolutely painted a rift of sunshine, a thickening of the cloud-substance, while another hair in this same stroke of the brush indicated clear and firm a distant band of cloud caught by the wind. Beside this picture the carefully-defined landscapes by some of our best artists looked mean and weak; and the touch of the painter, which otherwise would have seemed free and bold enough, became, under comparison with the masterly manipulation of Mr. Inness, weak and puny.

One of the broadest and most glowing pieces of color in this fine collection is a sunset scene in Medfield. This picture is divided into a yellow sky and green meadows. The color is most beautiful; and warmth, space, and delicate hues, blend into one of happy effects, translucent and full of gleaming brightness. The light which sparkles in the sky illuminates a low-lying landscape of massed trees, damp meadows, and a solitary pollarded willow, out of whose rough trunk little sprouts of new branches have just started. One or two red cattle are sauntering along in the gloaming, and vaguely-defined weeds in the foreground are damp with gathering coolness, and glowing with the reflection of the evening sky.

A great many other pictures—of quiet nooks in Perugia, of tall cypresses, and of American trees; storms and wind-bent oaks, dark, light, and neutral skies—make up this very fine and representative exhibition of the thought and work of one of our best American painters.

APPENDED to this collection of paintings are a number of very fine studies of cattle by the oldest son of Mr. Inness, George Inness, Jr. This young man has his father's exquisite appreciation of color, but his fancy is in another direction. He has studied mostly with his father, but latterly has been in the studio of Bonnat, in Paris. One of the best of his pictures represents one of the long-horned cattle of the Roman Campagna, so familiar to all who have visited that region. The traveler is accustomed to see these creatures, with their high shoulders and small flanks, their long, bent horns, and their great heads, bold and yet mild, tramping through the coarse grass, or standing in the sluggish pools. It is one of these familiar scenes that young Inness has depicted. His ox, with a black-and-white hide, stands in a heavy tangle of grass, sniffing the air. This picture is very free, and the creature is beautiful and

life-like. Another painting is of a group of sheep. We have before noticed, in the pages of the JOURNAL, the charming paintings of these animals by Mischitti, and their graceful and individual delineation. This picture strongly reminded us of Mischitti, and, as Mr. Inness is so young, his grace, his freedom, and, above all, his obvious sympathy with his subjects, give his works a quality that makes us hope for him a reputation in the future as high as his father's. He has made some very excellent horses, who, with the men who are holding them, have as much natural action as it has often been our fortune to see portrayed. But, had he no particular genius for characterization of individual forms, his color would lead us to expect a great deal from him. His contrasts and combinations of diverse shades are so fresh, so pure, and withal so brilliant, that they alone, without any thing else, would give his paintings a decided excellence. In some of the distances and backgrounds of these cattle-scenes, his blue skies are of the loveliest, coming against masses of green or brownish-green trees; and the sunny light that rests warm on gray stones, and on the bright clothing of his people, is very rich.

THE Academy of Art at Berlin has sustained a very great loss in the death of Professor Edward Holbein, the talented historical painter, who died in that city on the 19th of February in the present year. . . . One of the most appropriate and interesting memorials ever undertaken is now being perfected at Dillenburg, in the duchy of Nassau, the birthplace of William the Silent. The old ruined castle there has been thoroughly restored, made into a monument to that great hero, and adorned, inside, with paintings and other artistic works, referring to his life and actions. On the 29th of next June it will be solemnly dedicated to the memory of the founder of Netherlandish independence. The undertaking has been carried on under the direction of a committee, and the expenses have been defrayed by means of contributions. . . . On the 23d of October the Saxon Minister of Finance issued a call for designs from which the most meritorious would be selected as decorations for the curtain at the new Court Theatre in Dresden. This demand has since been responded to by a number of artists, and sixty-five colored sketches are now being exhibited in the Saxon capital to the public generally. From these designs three will be chosen, at the end of May, by the Finance Minister, whose judgment will be influenced, in making the selection, by the opinions of eight experienced connoisseurs appointed for the purpose of assisting him. It is said that at least twelve of these sketches are works of more than ordinary excellence. . . . The Imperial German Commission for the Centennial Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia, has announced that, in consequence of an offer made to the government by the principal of the Art Association of Germany, the preparations for the German division of Group IX., plastic and graphic art, will be carried on under the direction of that association. Artists will, therefore, send works which they may wish to have exhibited in this group directly to the principals of the local art societies, who will forward them to the main association for examination. They will then be submitted to the judgment of a jury, selected by that association and composed of skilled

artists. This arrangement cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect in elevating the character of the German art contributions to the Centennial Exhibition. . . . M. Emile Gavet, an architect, has in his possession about a hundred pastels and drawings by J. S. Millet. From these he has selected forty-six, and is exhibiting them at Paris. . . . The story of the wonderful child-painter, Frédéric van der Kerkhove, that has been the talk of Brussels for some months past, has turned out to be a complete deception. An inquiry has been made into the whole affair, and it has been found that the paintings exhibited at the Cercle Artistique at Brussels are really the work of the father, an artist of mediocre merit, and not of the poor child, who does not seem to have exhibited any remarkable artistic talent during his short life. . . . McEntee has just finished a picture which is described as follows: "It represents a late fall afternoon; the sky is dull, except where a few light clouds near the horizon show a little warmth of color. On one side is the brown, barren hill; on the other the sombre woods, with the blue smoke of a homely habitation curling above the tree-tops. In the foreground is a little pond of water, beloved of children and ducks, surrounded by clean, white sand. On an impromptu raft two children, a boy and girl, are steering to one shore, where a girl stands waiting probably her turn; and on the other side are two more children, all of the careless hardy country type." . . . One of the most surprising facts of the hour is the steady advance in the price of pictures of acknowledged merit. This tendency has brought into existence a class of art-speculators, men ever on the alert to buy the pictures of an artist whom they think likely to advance in popularity, or of one just appearing in the field in whom they detect evidence of genius. An artist once in favor, and there would seem to be no reasonable limit to the prices his productions will command. This is particularly true of England, where at a recent important sale the movement we are referring to was notably illustrated. Turner's "The Grand Canal, Venice" (thirty-six by forty-eight inches), was painted for Mr. Munro for three thousand guineas. "It was sold with the Munro pictures at Christie's for twenty-four hundred guineas in 1860, and afterward passed into the collection of Mr. Heugh, of Alderley, of whom Messrs. Agnew bought it, and through whose hands it passed to the Manley-Hall Gallery. It was now started at a bid of four thousand guineas from Mr. Agnew, and went up in two bids (one of which came from the Earl of Dudley) to six thousand guineas; then rising more gradually, while the audience watched the contest with the deepest interest, till at length the hammer fell at Mr. Agnew's bid of seven thousand guineas, or seven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds." A painting by Landseer, which sold in 1852 for six hundred and fifty guineas, was sold to Lord Dudley for three thousand and forty-five guineas.—"A painting by P. Frith, R. A., 1868—Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings in Bond Street, 1769 (thirty-eight by sixty-three inches); present—Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Murphy, Bickerstaff, Davies, and Boswell; exhibited 1868. This picture was received with loud applause, followed by a bid of two thousand guineas from Mr. Agnew, who was at once opposed by an advance to three thousand, which he met with great spirit by another bid of four thousand guineas, when, after a few cautious advances, it became Mr. Agnew's at four thousand five hundred and sixty-seven pounds ten shillings, the

highest price ever reached for a work sold during the painter's lifetime.—A painting by J. L. Millais, "Jephthah"—Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back;" exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1867, fifty by sixty-four inches. The first bid was two thousand guineas from Mr. Agnew, which called up an advance of one thousand, and after very few bids it hung at three thousand seven hundred guineas, when at the next bid of three thousand eight hundred guineas it fell to Mr. Agnew for three thousand nine hundred pounds." Many other pictures brought extraordinary prices.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE official *fêtes* of Paris are neither so numerous nor so brilliant as they used to be in by-gone days, and any symptom of return to the gayety of former years is hailed with interest by the Parisian public. A grand dinner, therefore, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was the occasion for calling forth a crowd of anecdotes and reminiscences concerning the splendors of the past. The building itself, situated on the Quai d'Orsay, is well adapted for grand entertainments. Passing through the antechamber—a vast and splendid apartment, by-the-way—the guest comes next into a second antechamber or waiting-room, where a majestic usher in black, with a steel chain about his neck, waits to announce the names of the new arrivals. This usher is, in his way, a personage. He has been installed in his present post for many years: he is thoroughly acquainted with the *personnel* of Parisian society; and he possesses a marvelous knack at catching and repeating foreign names without a mistake. In the *salon* beyond is to be found the minister, wearing usually one or two of the myriad decorations which he possesses. In the drawing-room beyond, the ministrant (to Anglicize a very sensible German idiom) waits to receive her guests. The Duchesse Descazes is an Austrian lady, being the daughter of the Baron de Löwenthal, former *attaché* to the Austrian embassy under the empire. She is young and very pretty, and is remarked for the grace and distinction of her manners, no less than for her beauty. The receptions at the ministry are usually very crowded, though lacking much of the brilliancy and gayety of former times.

The first stone of the present building was laid by M. Guizot during the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe. But that eminent statesman was not destined to occupy the new edifice. Count Walewski was its first tenant when it was finished in 1855. The war in the Crimea was then at its height. The following year the Congress of Paris met in the new ministry, and the treaty was signed there with a pen formed of an eagle's feather, M. Feuille de Conches having taken the trouble to go all the way to the Jardin des Plantes to pluck it from the wing of one of the eagles imprisoned there. This epoch of the congress was a specially brilliant one for the ministry. A large painting by Winterhalter adorns one of its *salons*, representing all the plenipotentiaries of that celebrated assemblage. Cavour, Prince Orloff, the Count de Brunnov, Ali Pacha, Lord Clarendon, Count Walewski himself—where are they now? Twenty years make great changes. Scarcely any of the personages who figured in that congress are now alive. Lord Cowley and

Baron Hübner, who still survive, have retired from public life; and Count Benedetti, who was its secretary, has acquired a less enviable notoriety by the part he played in the preliminary proceeding of the Franco-Prussian War.

In 1857 the first of the official fancy-dress balls, which were among the most splendid of the *fêtes* of the empire, was given here. It created an unbounded sensation in the social world of Paris. Count Walewski, in the dress of a minister of the days of Louis XV., with powdered hair, in a costume of black velvet embroidered with jet and crossed with a broad blue ribbon, and carrying a gold-headed cane, received his guests at the entrance of the apartments. The emperor and empress were always present at these balls, concealed beneath the discreet folds of their dominoes. They entered the ministry by a small back-staircase opening upon the court. Notwithstanding all precautions, they were generally recognized by their fellow-guests. A small side-room was placed at their disposal, wherein they took refuge several times during the evening to change their dominoes, in the hopes of eluding the vigilance of their subjects. At that first ball the Countess Walewski appeared as Diana, with powdered hair and a golden quiver. The young Viscount Amelot de Chaillou wore the costume of a rag-picker; his hook was of silver, his basket of gold filigree filled with bouquets of natural flowers, his suit of white satin, and his lantern of silver and plate-glass, with his armorial bearings engraved upon it. This lantern was lighted, and, on being asked the reason, the viscount made answer, "Like Diogenes, I seek a man." Stepping up to the emperor, the witty rag-picker cried, "I have found him!" and then blew out the light.

The empress, after supper, threw off her domino, and appeared in a superb Bohemian costume, but still wearing her mask.

"How did you recognize me?" she asked of one of her partners, who bent respectfully before her.

"By the Spanish grace of your fan, madame," he made answer.

But enough of reminiscences of the brilliant past. Let us turn now to the more sombre present.

Another death has been chronicled in the artistic world, that of Madame Caroline van den Heuvel, formerly Caroline Duprez. She was the daughter of Duprez, the celebrated French tenor, and was herself a prima donna of no small reputation some years ago. In 1849, being then only seventeen years old, she made her first appearance in public at the Italian Opera in Paris in the *role* of Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor." A special interest was attached to this *début* from the fact that her father, then on the point of quitting the stage forever, supported her in the character of *Edgardo*. She achieved at once a marked success, but her voice proving too delicate in quality for the fatigues of the Italian *répertoire*, she became a member of the Opéra Comique. There she created several of the best known parts of the French comic opera. She was the original *Catherine* in Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," and achieved a great success in that character, being engaged to perform in it when the opera was afterward produced in London, Brussels, and elsewhere. Her voice was pure, sweet, and delicate in quality, but it lacked power and volume. As a vocalist she was a thorough and accomplished artist, all the treasures of her father's musical knowledge and science having been lavished on the somewhat limited resources of her voice. She was singularly attractive in person, without being

regularly beautiful, being graceful, lady-like, and winning, and possessing a pair of large, brilliant, and peculiarly expressive black eyes. She was thoroughly French in her artistic sympathies, and seldom accepted an engagement outside of her native land. Six years ago, while filling an engagement at the opera-house in Lyons, she caught a severe cold, which settled on her chest, and which, terminating in consumption, was the primary cause of her death. Her peculiarly delicate *physique* always marked her out as one likely to fall a victim to that insidious and fatal malady. She was forty-three years old at the time of her death, and leaves behind her one child, a daughter, now sixteen years of age, Mademoiselle Simonne van den Heuvel.

The Governmental Fine-Arts Commission has just set on foot an important work, which will make known to the world at large the existence of many artistic *chefs-d'œuvre* which are at present hid away in out-of-the-way churches and official buildings in Paris. A collection is to be formed of engravings of all the great frescoes and oil-paintings which adorn such edifices, and the task of making these engravings is to be entrusted to the first masters of the burin in France. In this collection the works of Hippolyte Flandrin will hold a prominent place. The two great frescoes by him in the church of St.-Germain des Prés, representing the ascent of Mount Calvary and the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, form the first two numbers of the work. The frescoes of Bezaud and De Signo, at St.-Eustache, and "The Martyrdom of St.-Cyr," by Heim, at the church of St.-Gervaise, are already finished, but are not yet published. Next are to come the six great frescoes of Flandrin, also from the church of St.-Germain des Prés, the "Heavenly Sacrifice," by Hesse, and the frescoes of Chasserian from the church of St.-Merri. The vanished glories of the burned-down Hôtel de Ville are also to be reproduced in engraving. "The Four Seasons," from the pencil of Léon Cogniet, which adorned the *salon* of the Zodiac; the "Apotheosis of Napoleon I.," that magnificent fresco by Ingres which decorated the ceiling of the Salon de l'Empereur; and the twenty-eight pictures by Lehmann which ornamented the grand Galerie des Fêtes, are among the subjects which are to be thus reproduced. There is also talk of a catalogue to be formed of the works of art which adorn the public gardens and parks of Paris. Many of the statues, busts, fountains, etc., which are daily passed by with merely a glance, are the work of celebrated sculptors or modelers, and deserve more appreciative notice.

The new comedy of "Count Kostia," at the Gymnase, has proved a complete failure. The novel of the same name, on which it was founded, was not sufficiently dramatic in plot or incident to furnish forth materials for an interesting play. The piece is woefully tiresome, and there's an end on't. Nor does the leading idea possess the charm of novelty. The wild, eccentric, boyish girl who softens down and becomes gentle, submissive, and feminine, under the influence of love, might be an interesting personage were she presented to us in theatrical guise for the first time, but "Mignon" and "La Petite Fadette" have already familiarized all play-goers with her peculiar traits. Nor does the character of *Stephane*, the heroine of the piece, at all suit the powers of Mademoiselle Tallandiera. She was very good as the brusque, untamed, passionate boy; but, when *Stephane's* true sex was revealed, and the influence of her passion for *Gilbert* began to display its effect, she was less happy in depicting the transformation.

A few evenings ago I was present at a concert given here by a young American lady who has been pursuing the study of music in Europe for some three or four years past. The result proved (if, indeed, any such proof were needed) how foolish it is for a person to attempt to carve out for himself or herself a career depending upon certain physical gifts, when those gifts have been denied. A would-be prima donna should have not only a voice of sufficient volume and compass, but one of some degree of pleasing quality as well. The giver of the concert possessed a very high and powerful voice, but without any more sweetness of tone than the screech of a peacock. Since I have been residing abroad I have come to the conclusion that an operatic career is the last one to be chosen by any young girl, unless she be the possessor of a perfectly phenomenal voice. The crop of weak-throated or harsh-toned sopranos is a superabundant and an unprofitable one. If a young girl really wants to go on the stage (and *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—namely, "Don't!"—is the best to give and to follow on such occasions), the regular boards offer for her a much fairer opportunity for ultimate success and profit than do those of the lyric drama. But because Patti and Nilsson, by dint of actual genius and great personal beauty, have managed to achieve great success without great physical power, every girl who can trill a ballad or lead a choir fancies that she is born to queen it on the operatic stage, and to gain thousands nightly by means of her voice—that is, if she can only come to Europe to study. Forthwith she comes abroad, to gain, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only the disheartening knowledge that all the musical centres of Europe are crowded with would-be prima donnas; that the supply far exceeds the demand; and that her time and money have been alike thrown away. There are said to be in Milan, at the present time, no fewer than three hundred American girls who are studying for the lyric stage. Most of these have already made *quasi-successful debuts* in the theatres of small Italian towns, and each possesses a *répertoire* varying from ten to twenty operas, all thoroughly studied, and ready for production at any time. And, with all this, no *impressariis* come forward to eagerly cull these buds of tuneful promise. The fact is, that the Italian opera, everywhere outside of Italy, save in London, is in a sad state of decadence, threatening dissolution, and managers have neither money nor inclination to trouble themselves about youthful though aspiring mediocrity. Besides, these young girls, these embryo Pattis and Persians, are mostly as conceited as possible, and will hearken to no suggestions of any career short of that of a leading prima donna at the Salle Ventadour or at Covent Garden. It is on record how Carl Rosa, when making up his English opera company, came to Paris with a view of offering engagements to one or two of the more promising musical students of the year, and was met in most instances by a contemptuous refusal. It was beneath the dignity of these would-be stars to sing in English opera. One of them, Miss Julia Gaylord, was wiser in her day and generation, and has lately achieved a marked success in English opera at Dublin. Another one, a young Southern lady, whose stage-name is Nina Galtano, has devoted herself to the higher branches of concert-singing, and, being a thorough and accomplished artist, she has become the chosen aid and supporter of the great pianist Hans von Bülow. Some of these unappreciated sopranos in Italy are offering, in some instances, a thousand

frances for the privilege of appearing on the stage. Even Miss Abbott, whose career has thus far been marked by less discouragement and fewer drawbacks than usually fall to the lot of young singers, has not yet made her long-talked-of *début*, and it is rumored that the manager of the Italian opera in London has refused to sign any positive contract with her. And all this in spite of such powerful patronage as that of Adelina Patti and the Baroness Rothschild. Among the young singers of promise now studying in Milan we hear frequent mention of the daughter of Mark Smith, the lamented actor, and of the charming Miss Blanche Davenport, the third daughter of E. L. Davenport. Let us hope that their success will surpass that of their less fortunate compeers. It is rumored in private circles here that Mrs. Florence Knox (formerly Miss Rice, the American contralto), whose voice and style have been so much admired in Parisian society, is to make her *début* next season at the Grand Opera in the character of *Leonora* in "La Favorita." As the lady has been pursuing her musical studies from sheer love of art alone, this rumor needs confirmation.

The Russian contralto, Mademoiselle Pus-kowa, whose singularly fine voice formed one of the very few attractions presented by the Russian troupe in their late series of representations of "Une Noce Russe" at the Salle Ventadour, does not quit Paris with the rest of the company. She has been engaged for the Grand Opera here by M. Halanzier, and is to study for six months before making her *début* in French opera.

The approaching opening of the Salon forms, of course, a leading topic in art-circles at present. Our American artists have come off with flying colors this season. I understand Mr. D. R. Knight's fine "View on the Seine," and Mr. Henry Bacon's spirited picture of "The Boys' Rebellion," have both been accepted. Tony-Robert Fleury, who is one of the comparatively young artists of Paris, is just commencing a grand historical picture, which he intends shall surpass his fine prize-painting of "The Siege of Corinth," which carried off the first medal at the Salon of 1871, and is now in the Luxembourg. He shut himself up for some weeks before commencing this new work. A friend, who chanced to call to see him, found him lying on the sofa reading.

"I thought you were at work on your new picture," exclaimed the visitor.

"So I am," answered Fleury, pointing to a pile of volumes that lay beside him.

He was studying up authorities on costumes, arms, physical peculiarities, etc., a preliminary process to which he devoted a long space of time. The subject of this new picture is as yet a secret. M. Fleury is said to be one of the handsomest men in Paris (a rather irrelevant observation, by-the-way, but I will let it stand). The government has given authorization for an exhibition of the rejected pictures of the Salon, and it is to be organized as soon as possible. These exhibitions, which are usually styled the Salon of the Refused (Salon des Refusés), took their origin from the enterprising action of an individual who some years ago hired a large temporary structure of wood near the Palais d'Industrie, wherein a dog-show had just been held, and then offered to permit any artist whose works had been rejected by the exhibition committee to exhibit his unsuccessful pictures there for the small compensation of twenty francs per picture. A large number of painters availed themselves of this liberal offer, and, as the sum of one franc

admission was charged to all spectators, the lease made a good thing of it. These Salons des Refusés have one very good trait about them: they show how perfectly just and wise the judgments of the committee usually are.

Very dreadful, indeed, are many of the daubs which the partial eyes of their creators have destined for a place side by side with the works of Gérôme, Doré, and Meissonier. The present exhibition is to be held in the vast buildings of the Magasins Réunis. Last year there was no official display of that kind, but a ghastly array of failures was set forth in due order in a series of rooms on the Boulevard des Capucines. They formed a laughable and yet melancholy exhibition, chief in absurdity among which were two hideous daubs from the really practised (and, some say, the talented) pencil of Manet.

The works of art, curiosities, unfinished paintings, sketches, etc., of the lamented Fortuny were on view for three days during the past week at the Hôtel Drouot. The crowd was something beyond belief, and quite past any one's endurance, for a French crowd is any thing but a pleasant one for a woman to encounter. They push and thump and elbow any poor creature of the softer sex without mercy. So, after struggling once or twice round the two not very spacious rooms wherein these treasures were exhibited, I was glad to cry for mercy, and to beat a retreat. As far as the works of the painter himself were concerned, there was but little to interest any one who was not a professional artist, very few of the paintings having passed the condition of mere beginnings, and many of them being apparently hints or memoranda for future performances, mere outlines with a dash of color here and there. Whatever nearly-finished pictures there were, were surrounded with so dense a crowd that it was impossible to give them careful inspection and examination. There were a number of copies of celebrated Spanish paintings, the first sketch of the artist's great picture of "The Battle of Tetuan," and a number of studies from Nature, taken in Spain and in Morocco. Among the curiosities was the gold hilt of a sword, designed and wrought by Fortuny himself. A large crowd, of course, assembled around the great Hispano-Moresque vase, esteemed the greatest wonder of the collection. It is about three feet high, in the form of an amphora, with a rounded neck, and two flat handles in the shape of birds' wings. It is of a white ground, with yellow devices and inscriptions in Moorish characters, the whole lighted with those pearly reflections which are the distinguishing characteristic and beauty of this peculiar vase. Some of the ornaments recall in style those of certain halls of the Alhambra. This remarkable relic came from a church of Salatz, a town near Granada, where it served as a support for the holy-water basin. It is considered perfectly unique, is the only one that has ever figured in a public sale, and the only one that is complete. Two similar ones were found in the Alhambra, both badly damaged, and there is also one in the museum at Stockholm, but it, too, has lost one of its handles and a portion of its neck. The display of tapestries, sacerdotal garments, etc., was superb, some of the latter being literally incrustated with animals and figures in high relief, inwrought with gold thread. This exhibition represented only a part of the valuable contents of Fortuny's studio, much having already been disposed of; the costumes in particular having been sold in Rome. Some idea of their richness may be gained from the fact that a single dress of the Louis XV. period was recently offered to one of the leading

artists of Paris at a price of two thousand francs (four hundred dollars). Fortuny leaves a fortune of five hundred thousand francs (one hundred thousand dollars) to his family, which consists of a wife and two small children. Comparatively young (he was between thirty and forty), superbly handsome, and with the build of a Hercules, he looked as though he were destined to long years of life. But the insidious, malarious fever of Italy laid low that stately head, and has robbed Art of one of its noblest modern exponents.

"Un Drame sous Philippe II." continues to draw crowded houses to the Odéon. The acting of Roussel and Gil Naza as *Donna Carmen* and the terrible *King of Spain* respectively is beyond all praise. The costumes and decorations were of exceeding splendor and scrupulous accuracy. The make-up of Gil Naza was founded on photographs, taken from the contemporary portraits of King Philip and forwarded from Spain. Nothing can be imagined more impressive than was that living, historical portrait; that pale, sinister face, those cold, cruel eyes; and that expression as of one wearied out with evil, yet finding no pleasure in aught that was good. The character of the *King* is the finest portion of the play, and the one that stamps M. Porto Riche as one of the leading dramatists of the day. The wickedest man in history, cold-blooded and yet sensual, deeply religious and yet diabolically cruel, whose calmest principles were fiendish as the passion-prompted impulses of such more human tyrants as *Henry VIII.* or *Richard III.*, moves before us as though waked into life from one of the faded canvases of the Escurial. We have studied and we know every line in that evil face, that sombre-clad figure, every tone in that monotonous yet impressive voice. Roussel, as *Donna Carmen*, belongs to melodrama; Gil Naza, as *King Philip*, is an image from history. The plot of the piece is melodramatic and unpleasant, and betrays the crudity of an inexperienced hand, but it is well developed and powerful, and has the art of arresting the attention of the spectator. The young author (he is only twenty-five) may henceforth be numbered among the leading dramatists of France, at least in promise for the future. Masset was a spirited and chivalrous *Don Miguel*, but he is, unfortunately, any thing but one's ideal of a fascinating cavalier, so far as looks are concerned. Tallen is a dignified *Duke d'Alcala*, and acted with great power in the final scene. Among the stage accessories, the chandelier used in the first act was specially pointed out to my notice. It is an exact copy of one in the cathedral at Burgos, and cost five hundred dollars. LUCY H. HOOVER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON play-goers are at present being treated to a novel sight—to the "Merchant of Venice," with, as it were, *Shylock* left out. The immortal bard's drama has been put on the boards of the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, Miss Ellen Terry playing *Portia*, and Mr. Coghlan the insatiable Jew. The former acts charmingly. Years ago she served an apprenticeship at the Princess's under Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and could that famous actor and actress have seen their *protégé* on Saturday, I am sure they would have felt not a little proud of her. Her good looks, her grace of manner, her silvery and sympathetic voice, and last, but by no means least, her faultless elocution, all went to make her *Portia* an exquisitely artistic performance. On the other hand, Mr.

Coghlan—who, I may add in parenthesis, is the author of a dull piece now running at the Court, called "*Lady Flora*"—was quite inadequate as *Shylock*—in fact, he was "not the Jew that Shakespeare drew" at all. There was not a tinge of Hebraism about him; rather did he look, to quote one of our best London critics, "like a well-to-do Protestant tradesman." The same critic remarks that "in the trial-scene he resembled nobody so much as a wealthy cutler with a sweet thing in knives to be disposed of"—and again I agree with him. In short, I question if there has ever been witnessed a greater stage *fiasco*. It has taken theatre-goers by surprise, for Mr. Coghlan had hitherto been looked upon as one of the most rising young men in his profession. Now, many of his erst greatest admirers have come to the conclusion—as I heard one of them epigrammatically put it—that he "is a very clever young fellow, without brains!" The drama has been lavishly mounted, the scenery being "gorgeous as an Eastern wedding," to use a poetic simile. Add to this the fact that the text has been considerably altered and "rearranged," and you will readily conclude that, notwithstanding Miss Terry's fine personation, this present "revival" will draw mainly as a "spectacle." What, I wonder, would the "divine Williams," as Mossoo has called him, have thought of these "alterations" and "rearrangements," had he been alive? Echo replyeth not.

That most prolific of playwrights (next, of course, to Mr. Boucicault), Mr. H. J. Byron, has a new comedy, with an attractive title, in preparation at the Strand—"Weak Women." How remarkably well that gentleman has got on! It is not so many years ago that he edited a comic weekly, with no circulation to speak of, called the *Comic News*; now he has often as many as three or four of his pieces running at the same time in this "modern Babylon." A friend of mine was describing to me the other day a visit he paid to Mr. Byron's study. "I found him," said he, "pacing up and down in the most frantic state, muttering to himself, and going on like a perfect madman. At first I was quite alarmed; but I mustered up courage to ensconce myself in a chair, and I can assure you quite an hour elapsed before he noticed my presence. When he did see me, he took my hand, and quietly remarked, 'Oh, I was just in the throes of composition, old fellow!'"

Salvini's performance of *Othello* before the London "profession" was a tremendous success. Every actor and actress of repute in the metropolis was present, not excepting Mr. Irving. Over and over again the vast audience literally "rose" at him, and the applause was quite deafening. Surely, never was greater honor done an actor since the first sock and buskin were donned. Some people, by-the-way, have been trying to get up a coolness between Salvini and Irving. The latter's name did not appear in the memorial asking the signor to give a morning performance; wherefore the knowing ones in question have gone about shaking their heads, and hinting that Mr. Irving was jealous. The real fact is, that Mr. Irving was among the very first to suggest that the special performance should be given! He is too great an artist to entertain such petty jealousy. Anybody who saw how heartily he applauded Salvini on Monday afternoon must have at once felt that. Mr. Irving is himself going to give some morning performances.

At the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, there are this season only two hundred and fifty-two pictures on view, but the lack in

quantity is amply made up for in quality. One of the most telling is that by Mr. Wimperis, entitled "A Breezy Day." A solitary figure is trudging along by the river-side to the nearest market-town. Sky, birds, trees, the very reeds, all show signs that Boreas is blowing. The very look of the picture actually makes one feel chilly. Miss Thompson is also represented, but, to say the least, not worthily. The subject is a trooper of the gallant Scots Grays on duty. The horse is not at all well drawn, and the whole painting is sketchy. Israel's "Sleepers"—an old woman and her cat—is a powerful work, and Mr. Small's "Market Folk, West of Ireland," is very suggestive and characteristic.

"The Vikings of the Baltic" is the title of Dr. Dasent's new novel. Dr. Dasent, I need not tell you, is the editor of the "leading journal," and no one, perhaps, has so good a knowledge of the Norse sagas as he. In his present story, the saga of the Vikings of Jomsburg has been in the main followed, but the incidents have been rearranged. The learned doctor assures us that if the narrative should persuade any reader "to turn to that great storehouse of literature of which the Icelandic literature holds the key," he will be amply repaid. It is sure to do this, for it is extremely dramatic and powerful. Perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes abound.

The private view of the Royal Academy pictures took place April 28th. Your humble servant was there to see. Speaking generally, the exhibition is quite up to the average; our best painters are well represented, the "hanging" is good, the subjects are very various. I may just jot down the names of some of the pictures that on this first visit attracted my attention. Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the now famous painter of the "Roll-Call," contributes a really powerful picture. The subject is a stirring one; it depicts "The Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre-Bras." On the 16th of June, 1815, this gallant regiment, the catalogue tells us, formed together with the Royals into square in a field of "particularly tall rye," and was repeatedly assaulted by the Cuirassiers and Polish Lancers of the enemy, who closed a long series of unsuccessful attacks by a furious charge against three faces of the square at once. It is this incident that Miss Thompson portrays. The grouping and general arrangement are excellent; the expressions of the soldiers' faces are striking by contrast. Some show signs of pain or fatigue; others have hatred and determination in every lineament; yet others, again, are smiling—actually laughing, as it is said was really the case—at the futile attempts of their foes to disperse them. Mr. L. Fildes also exhibits a noteworthy picture, but of quite a different character. It bears the curt title "Betty," and shows a buxom country-girl standing in a meadow with a pail resting jauntily on her hip. A very charming study it is, quite worth the thousand pounds for which Mr. Fildes has, I believe, sold it. The biggest painting this year is sent by B. Rivière, and, though quiet in style, has considerable merit. It represents "C. Mansel Lewis, Esq., with Favorite Mare and Dogs." The gentleman is standing on the sea-shore with his arm resting on his horse's mane. One dog—a formidable hound—is rubbing against his legs; two others of a smaller breed are looking affectionately up into his face. Under this massive painting is an exquisite piece by J. Sant, R. A., yecept "The Early Post." Three young girls in morning-dress—and very charming mademoiselles they are—stand together in the breakfast-room of some country-house. On the table is

a postman's bag, from which one of the young ladies has extracted a letter, which she is reading aloud. The coloring is exquisite, and the whole is painted in Mr. Sant's usual careful way. Mr. Millais, R. A., has two or three pictures. Perhaps "No" is the best of them; unfortunately, they all show signs of haste. A lady—pretty, of course, with sparkling eyes and *mignonne* mouth—is perusing a letter which she has obviously just written with the quill she still holds in the left hand by her side. From the thoughtful and earnest look on her face, one can tell at a glance that the dainty missive is of no little import—that in it she refuses an offer of marriage. "Les Coquettes, Arles," is in Mr. P. H. Colderon's, R. A., best style. Three fair village maidens, with laughter in their eyes, are walking along a dusty road talking gaily. They have just passed a stalwart young artisan, with whom they have probably banded an innocent word or two, as village coquettes will. In the distance two young females, less favored by Nature than they, are watching them jealously. Vicat Cole's contribution is a large landscape—"Richmond Hill." The luxuriant foliage, the sloping downs, and, far away, the silver-flowing Thames winding into vacancy, are vividly put on the canvas—in places somewhat too vividly, perhaps; but as a whole the effect is most pleasing and effective. L. Alma-Tadema's remarkable power of harmonizing colors is shown in a marked degree in his "Water-Pets," a picture representing a lightly-clad Eastern lady lying full-length on a satin-covered pillow, lazily feeding some fish in a tank. T. Green's "Still Waters" is also a picture which soothes the sight. On a frail wooden bridge a man and girl are standing looking at the water-lilies in the stream below. Around them is a wealth of leaves and flowers. Certainly one of the ablest figure-pieces this year is that entitled "The Last Muster: Sunday at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea." It is by H. Herkomer. A dozen or so old pensioners are seated in the hospital chapel listening to a sermon. There is character in every face. Some look sad, others are thoughtful, many seem half-dazed. Altogether, this is an admirable study. I will refer to some of the other pictures in my next. WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE COLORADO POTATO-BEETLE.

THE agriculturists and farmers of Europe are now engaged in discussing the important question as to what measures shall be adopted to keep the Colorado potato-beetle from their shores. That the problem is an imperative one is made plain in the history of the ravages of this pest in our own country, and it is but natural that a people who have suffered as have the French from the *Phylloxera*—itself a native of America, if we mistake not—should look with dread upon the eastward advance of another destroying insect. Among the numberless suggestions that this discussion has called forth, that made by Mr. Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, merits special attention, since it contains recommendations that may well be heeded by those Eastern farmers whose fields have not yet been invaded. As directed mainly to English and French inquirers who fear lest the beetle may be conveyed to their shores in American vessels or cargoes, Mr. Riley

advises as follows: Let there be circulated among the seafaring men and inhabitants of their western shores, and posted in the cabins of sailing-vessels and ocean-steamers, correct descriptions and colored figures of the beetle, with the request that any one seeing such a creature on board ship or elsewhere should immediately destroy it. As it happens that before these beetles can get on shipboard they have to travel across certain of our seaboard States, we propose to adopt the suggestions put forth by Mr. Riley, and thus, by forewarning our readers in the threatened districts, forearm or at least so instruct them that they may know a Colorado potato-beetle when they see it. Before proceeding to a description of the creature itself, a brief historical review may be of interest.

To Messrs. Say and Nuttall, two early explorers of the "Far West," belongs the honor of having first discovered this beetle, which was described by Say in the third volume of the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia," in the year 1824. The name then given it was *Doryphora 10-lineata*, the latter half referring to the number of lines on the creature's wings, which are shown in Plate 2, Fig. 3. When discovered, and for many years afterward, the beetle remained in its native home among the Rocky Mountains, subsisting solely on a wild solanaceous plant, the *Solanum rostratum*.

On the advance of the pioneer farmer, and the consequent introduction of the potato, the beetle discovered in its leaves a more palatable food, and, deserting its old, wild feeding-grounds, entered upon its ravenous march eastward. In the year 1859 it reached Nebraska, one hundred miles west of Omaha; in 1864 and 1865 it was devastating the vast potato-fields of Iowa, and in the latter year it had crossed the Mississippi, and the year following had invaded Illinois. At the same time that this march was in progress, a flank-movement was made, resulting in the invasion of Wisconsin. During the year 1866 Illinois had been completely occupied, followed in 1867 by an entry into Indiana and Southwestern Michigan. In 1868 the vanguard appeared in Western Pennsylvania, though the main body did not cross the boundaries of this State till 1871. In another year the southern wing had crossed Pennsylvania and proceeded as far south as the District of Columbia, while the northern branch was being rapidly transported along the lakes to Canada and Western New York. This latter advance was greatly facilitated by the vessels on the lakes, which furnished unwilling transport to the farmers' enemy. In 1868 Mr. Walsh, from the then obtainable data, estimated the rate of advance at about sixty miles a year; but, either owing to an increased vigor begotten of its good living, or from the greater energy that comes with increased confidence, the beetle has proved a much more rapid marcher, having, between the years 1871 and 1873, passed over nearly three hundred miles of country.

Passing from the history of its march to a survey of its line of progress, we find the path marked out by every sign of devastation and

ruin. A single instance will serve to illustrate the results of its presence as affecting the yield of the invaded regions. In the year 1869 the average yield of potatoes per acre in the State of Michigan was one hundred and fifty-five bushels; in 1870 this was decreased to ninety-five bushels; and in 1872 to sixty-six. With these facts in mind, the alarm of our European neighbors is but natural, and we find that we are enlisted in a good cause when we furnish our American readers with

through the various stages, *b, c, d*, reaching the last stage in from seventeen to twenty days. The color during this growth changes from reddish to cream-color or orange. In its mature state the larva, as shown at *d*, is described as a thick, fleshy grub—here represented in its natural size—having the head and anterior segments narrow, and the first three segments of the body furnished with jointed legs, and the extremity of the abdomen with a short pincers, which serves as an

yellowish cream-color, adorned with numerous black spots and stripes. Of these spots, a very peculiar group, consisting generally of eighteen, occupies the upper surface of the prothorax, or segment immediately behind the head, as shown in Plate II., Fig. 3. In the same figure the location and direction of the characteristic stripes are shown. These black stripes are ten in number, five on each wing, and their edges are irregularly punctured, the punctures being partly on the stripes and partly on the intervening pale surface. Beneath these elytra or striped wing-cases are membranous wings of a fine rose-color, thus giving to the beetle a very beautiful appearance while flying in the sun.

With this full description of the beetle, our duty, so far as Professor Riley's instructions go, is fulfilled. A single word as to the way to conquer the invaders, when once their presence is discovered, may be needed. Unfortunately, we find that, though many plans have been suggested, none seems yet to have been successful. Of the chemical agents employed, that of a mixture of Scheele's green, in from twelve to fifteen parts of plaster of Paris, seems to be most in favor. It is dusted upon the plants, and, though of so poisonous a nature, seems not to materially effect the potatoes themselves. A second and purely physical means is that of sweeping the larvae into nets, and then destroying them by fire or water. Mr. Riley recommends that more care be exercised in the choice of the varieties planted, and also that in the spring there be placed here and there in the newly-planted fields small heaps of potatoes, to which the beetles will be attracted as they emerge from their winter-home, and from which they can be the more readily gathered and destroyed. There yet remain many interesting facts regarding the natural enemies of this beetle, of which future mention may be made. It is sufficient to state that such enemies do exist, and, whether as birds, or insects, or even other beetles, they often check the advance of the invaders. Nor is it improbable that it is from this quarter that the forlorn-hope is to come by whose aid alone the victory can be achieved.



Plate 1.—Potato-Plant, with Beetle in the Egg (*a*), Larvæ (*b, c, d*), and Imago, or Beetle (*e*).

a description of the pest, with its habits of living, which may, by the aid of the accompanying illustration, be given as follows:

The first attack is made in the spring, when the leaves of the potato-plant are young



Plate 2.—Fig. 2, Pupa, Natural Size. Figs. 3 and 4, Imago, Natural Size.

and luscious. It is then that the beetle deposits upon the under-surface of the leaves its patches of eggs, varying in number from twenty to thirty (Plate I., *a*). These eggs are of a yellowish color, and hatch in about six days. The larvæ thus produced pass rapidly

additional limb in adhering to the plant on which it feeds.

According to Professor Riley, whose opinion merits special consideration, this larva never undergoes its pupal transformation attached to the plant upon which it has been feeding, but always descends to the earth, and there, buried at a depth seldom below eighteen inches, undergoes that change by which it is transformed into the full-fledged beetle, and from which burial-place it emerges to continue its advance and reproduction.

In Plate II. we have a life-size representation—first of the grub awaiting transformation, and then of the living beetle, the latter being shown from above and below. A recent writer gives the following as a concise description of the perfect beetle: It measures from two-fifths to half an inch in length, is of an oblong-ovate form, and of a tawny-

Dr. W. A. HAMMOND, having been reelected to the presidency of the Neurological Society, chose, as the subject of his inaugural address, "The Brain not the Sole Organ of Mind." As a compilation of instructive facts, this paper merits special attention, while the conclusions reached, though not without precedent, are yet deserving of renewed attention, for which reasons we are induced to present the following condensed review of these facts and views: While there is no evidence to prove that the mind can exist independently of the nervous system, every fact in our possession bearing upon the question of their relation goes to prove that, where there is injury or derangement of the nervous system, there is corresponding injury or derangement of the mind. Accepting this intimacy of relationship as conclusively established, Dr. Hammond briefly defines the constitution of the nervous system as follows: "The nervous system consists of two essentially different tissues, which are distributed in varying proportions throughout the organism. The one of these, the ganglionic, or gray tissue, is collected in masses in the

brain, the spinal cord, and in the course of the ramifications of the great sympathetic nerve. The other, the white tissue, exists in much larger proportion, and is also found in the brain and spinal cord, of which it constitutes the larger quantity. Examined microscopically, the gray matter is found to be composed of cells, while the white matter consists of fibres. As regards function, the difference is still greater, for the gray matter is the generator of nerve-force, while the white simply serves as the medium by which the force is transmitted." As the brain is by far the largest mass of nerve-substance contained in the body of any animal possessing a brain, attention is first directed to certain general facts regarding the relative size and weight of the brains in various races of men and in the lower animals. The average weight of the brain of the white inhabitants of Europe is forty-nine and one-half ounces, the maximum being that of the brain of Cuvier, which weighed sixty-four and one-third ounces, and the minimum, consistent with a fair degree of intelligence, thirty-four ounces. The average of twenty-four American brains, accurately weighed by Dr. Ira Russell, was fifty-two and six-hundredths ounces, while that from one hundred and forty-seven full negro brains was only forty-six and ninety-six hundredths ounces. Turning from the weight of the brain to the capacity of the cranium, we find that this capacity in the Teutonic family, including English, Germans, and Americans, is ninety-two cubic inches. The largest recorded capacity of the cranium is that of Webster, one hundred and twenty-two square inches. Owing to disease, however, Webster's brain weighed but sixty-three and three-quarter ounces, thus placing him second only to Cuvier. In the native African negro, this capacity is reduced to eighty-three cubic inches, and in the Australian and Hottentot to seventy-five. The brain of an idiot seldom exceeds twenty-three ounces in weight, while in one instance coming under the speaker's own observation the mature brain weighed but fourteen and one-half ounces. After noticing a few exceptional cases of diminutive brains, Dr. Hammond proceeded to the consideration of the brains of animals, and the facts elicited are of interest and value, both in themselves and as bearing upon the subsequent discussion. Seuret found the mean proportional weight of the brain to the rest of the body to be in fishes as one to five thousand six hundred and sixty-eight. It should, however, be noticed that the range in this order is very great, reaching from the bass, where the proportion stands as one to five hundred and twenty-three, to the gold-fish, where it is as one to eight thousand nine hundred and nineteen; these latter observations having been made by the lecturer himself. Passing from fishes to reptiles, we find this average decreased, so that it is represented by one to thirteen hundred and twenty-one. Here, also, are to be found wide differences, the proportion in lizards being as one to one hundred and eighty, while the brain of an alligator, examined by the speaker, weighed only a little over half an ounce.

NEXT in order come the birds, where the mean proportional weight of the brain to the rest of the body stands as one to two hundred and twelve, a decided increase, as may readily be perceived. In this order, also, as in the two others above noticed, the range is a wide one, including the canary, with an average of one to ten and one-half, and the goose, where it stands as one to thirty-six hundred. In this connection attention is directed to the

suggestive fact that the brain is proportionately smaller in those birds which are domesticated, and which, consequently, do not have to make so severe a struggle for existence as the wild birds, and whose bodies are, therefore, more encumbered with fat. Advancing to the final order, that of the mammalia, we find ourselves in the possession of facts that, but for the subsequent explanations, might prove somewhat humiliating, since they prove that, when the same standards of comparison are applied, the brain of a man is found to bear a less proportion to the weight of the body than that of many of the more humble members of the mammalian family. As an instance, it is stated that this average of proportions in the monkey stands as one to twenty-five; whereas in man it is as one to fifty. With the announcement of this last fact regarding man and his relative position as determined by the steel-yards, Dr. Hammond enters upon the discussion to which these facts are a suggestive introduction. While we propose to defer till a subsequent number the review of this the main feature of the address, a single word, by way of explaining this apparent inferiority of man, may be here given, and attention is especially directed to it as forming an introduction to the second portion of the subject, wherein the true nature of the brain-functions is defined, and the author's views regarding the seat of intelligence made plain and defended. Admitting the fact that the weight of the brain in man, taken as a whole, bears a less proportion to the weight of the body than appears in certain other animals, the writer proceeds as follows: "But when we inquire into the matter of the absolute and reactive quantity of gray nerve-tissue, we find that in this respect man stands preëminent; it is to this fact that he owes the great mental development which places him so far above all other living beings. For it is the gray tissue which originates mind—the white, as is well known, serving only for the transmission of impressions and impulses. Unless regard be paid to this point, we would certainly fall into serious error in determining the relation existing between the mind and the nervous system; but, having it in view, the connection is at once clear and well defined, there being no exception to the law that the mental development is in direct proportion to the amount of gray matter entering into the composition of the nervous system of any animal of any kind whatever. But all the gray tissue of the nervous system is not confined to the brain. A large proportion of it is found in ganglia of the sympathetic and some other nerves, and an amount second only to that of the brain in quantity—and, indeed, in some animals larger—is present as an integral constituent of the spinal cord. And I propose to discuss on this occasion some of the more important questions connected with the qualities of the force evolved from this gray tissue of the cord, and to call attention to some of the phenomena attendant on its evolution."

THE following are the latest facts relating to the various African explorers and their work: Lieutenant Cameron has entered the Manyema country and the southern border. Before leaving Ujiji he dismissed all those who feared to accompany his expedition beyond Lake Tanganyika. The Italian-African expedition are to land first on the shores of the Red Sea, and enter the central districts of Africa by the way of Ankobar, the capital of the Abyssinian kingdom of Shoa. They will then proceed westward over the almost unknown Galla country, toward the Victoria

N'yanza. A subscription of five thousand florins has been raised in Austria, to assist Ernst Marno in his African researches. It appears that Karl Mauch, the African explorer, whose sudden death was recently announced, has left the narrative of his travels incomplete, and that the notes he had prepared were so meagre as to be of little service to others. This fact is one greatly to be regretted, while it would seem to suggest to future explorers the absolute need of keeping pace in their record with every fresh advance in discovery. Dr. Schweinfurth announces, with regret, the death of his friend and ally, the Austrian elephant-tusk trader, Mohammed-Abd-es-Samat. He was murdered by a band of Niam-Niam soldiers, and is described as one who deserved the respect of all friends of African exploration. Already had he obtained the deserved recognition of many Eastern explorers, and, as one of the chief representatives of progress in that wild land, his memory should be perpetuated, and his worth recognized by all. The *Academy*, commenting on his untimely death, thus refers to his valuable service: "It was to him that Dr. Schweinfurth was indebted for the means of entering the dangerous and hitherto almost unknown lands of the cannibal Niam-Niams. The value of his friendly assistance in allowing the European traveler to join his trading expedition, and thus make his way through this interesting country, was recognized both in Germany and Egypt, and, besides being decorated with medals and various orders by the German emperor and the khedive, he had received the distinction of being named honorary member of the Society of Natural and Physical Sciences at Riga, the birthplace of Dr. Schweinfurth. Shortly before his death, last December, Abd-es-Samat had forwarded to his European friend a valuable and interesting collection of objects, illustrating the industrial arts of the Niam-Niams, and these, we learn, have now been presented by Dr. Schweinfurth to the Ethnographic Museum at Berlin, where they will afford important help in elucidating some of the unsolved questions connected with the history of African culture." By the sudden death of Dr. New, the African missionary, the cause of geographical discovery loses another faithful ally. He had just returned from an overland journey from Pangani to Mombassa, and the record of this march was recently read before the London Geographical Society.

THE following letter announcing the award of the great Roquette Prize to Captain C. F. Hall, of the *Polaris*, has been received by a gentleman in Washington:

"DEAR SIR: You are aware that each year the Geographical Society awards medals to the most distinguished explorers in the far-off regions of the globe. As chairman of the committee to report upon these, and to announce the reasons of the award, I have the pleasure to tell you that this year we shall award a medal to one of your fellow-countrymen, Captain C. F. Hall, for his excellent explorations made in the *Polaris*. The courageous explorer, it is true, is no more; but this is no reason that we should forget him. The medal will be sent to his family, as was the case when we sent a medal awarded to Dr. Kane. . . .

A. V. MALTE-BRUN.

Paris, March 9, 1875.

The medal thus honorably conferred is described in the official address as the biennial prize consecrated to arctic exploration, which Mr. Alexandre Roquette founded to honor the memory of his lamented father, one of the founders of the Paris Geographical Society. It is a noteworthy fact that though this prize

is placed at the disposal of a French society, it has never yet been awarded to a Frenchman. The names of Kane, Hayes, and Hall, now appear in the list as representatives of American zeal and energy.

THE following is a list of the twenty-eight known metals, with their present market prices. Certain of them from their very rarity have no direct commercial value, since they have never been obtained in sufficient quantities to be of any service in the arts. Others, like nickel, have found recent demands, rapidly increasing, owing to the additional service they are made to render. The list, as given by the *Journal of Chemistry*, is that of value per pound avoirdupois, and is as follows:

Indium.....	\$2330.00	Silver.....	\$18.85
Vanadium.....	2500.00	Cobalt.....	7.75
Ruthenium.....	1400.00	Cadmium.....	6.00
Rhodium.....	700.00	Bismuth.....	3.63
Palladium.....	653.00	Sodium.....	3.20
Uranium.....	576.58	Nickel.....	2.50
Osmium.....	325.28	Mercury.....	1.35
Iridium.....	317.44	Antimony.....	.96
Gold.....	301.45	Tin.....	.83
Platinum.....	115.20	Copper.....	.25
Thallium.....	105.77	Arsenic.....	.15
Chromium.....	58.00	Zinc.....	.11
Magnesium.....	46.50	Lead.....	.07
Potassium.....	53.00	Iron.....	.04

M. MARTIN, the French electrician, has invented a plan by which the votes in legislative and other representative bodies may be made and recorded by means of electricity. Upon the desk of each representative or delegate is fixed a small box containing two buttons, or levers. As one or the other of these buttons is pressed, there immediately appears, opposite the deputy's name, on a list at the Speaker's table, a piece of white or black paste-board, as the vote may be in the affirmative or negative. The board containing this list may be either exposed or in view of the clerk only. When a member desires to abstain from voting, and is willing that this intention be known, he can press first one and then the other button, and thus offset an affirmative by a negative vote.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

WE select from Taine's "Notes on Paris," reviewed in our "Literary" columns last week, a few striking passages:

"An evening sociable. People of the very best society. Yet what incongruities!

"A young girl has just sung a modern air. I do not know what; at all events, a love-song of the most passionate kind; the music full of extraordinary bursts like those of Schubert's 'Serenade.' Please to observe that you would be the coarsest, most indecent of men, if, even in the presence of the mother, the father, the aunt, the grandmother, and all the squadron of governesses, *duennas*, and near relations of the family, you should dare even to allude distantly to the very subject which she has just been explaining to you at full length in song.

"Grand parade of musical ladies—among them Madame de V—, a young married woman of twenty-three, with eyes upturned to heaven—I mean to the ceiling—with a look of expectation. She has sung 'Spring Longings,' with languishing airs as a running commentary on the music. The husband is radiant with joy; he brings the music and plays the *imprésario*. For my part, I would as soon see my wife undress herself in public.

"There is no such thing as a real *soirée* without women in full dress; and none have the right to wear elegant and low-cut dresses unless they have an income of sixty thousand francs. There is, in dressing, a supreme point to be aimed at as in genius; a perfect toilet is equal to a poem. There is a taste, a choice, in the placing and the shade of each satin ribbon, in the pink silks, in the soft, silvered satin, in the pale mauve, in the tenderness of the softer colors, still more tender beneath their coverings of guipure, their puffings of tulle, and the ruches which rustle with every motion. Shoulders and cheeks wear a charming tint in this luxurious nest of blond and lace. This is the only poetry left to us, and how well they understand it! What art, what appeal to the eye in these white waists which fit the figure so closely, in the chaste freshness of these glistening silks! There is no age by candle-light; the splendor of the shoulders effaces all change of feature even. The women know this well.

"This street, Barbet-de-Jouy, is, in fact, an aristocratic paradise; in its rear are stretched out great gardens full of old trees. It has almost a country air. Yesterday, the 28th of December, a moist soft breeze shook the tops of the branches, the delicate brown net-work of the boughs, the hanging tresses of the birch-trees; the sun disappeared in the depths of the sky in streams of purple glory, and cast golden trellises alant upon the hangings through the half-open doors.

"They have kept the enormous old staircase of the eighteenth century, with its chiseled iron banisters up which three persons may walk abreast, and where modern costumes like the wide panniers of former days may spread themselves at their ease. In the antechamber are trophies of arms, Chinese curiosities, and a thousand fanciful objects which the master of the house has brought home from his voyages; the polished steel of the yataghans and carbines reflects the evening light in grave, severe shimmer; while the lackeys, in furs and gold-lace, quiet and reserved, stand erect, with an air of decoration, like a troop of hayduks.

"The ceiling of the great drawing-room is twenty feet high; here, at least (a rare thing in Paris), one may breathe, and, what is better, the eyes do not suffer. It is not plated with gold, embellished with statues, illuminated with paintings like the rooms of the millionaire of yesterday, who, seeking beauty, was caught by glitter. A few old pictures, neither holy subjects nor yet tragedies; two or three portraits of illustrious men or celebrated women; here and there a quiet country scene; nothing for show, every thing for enjoyment; between two threads of conversation, the eye rests upon some glorious Venetian beauty, who, with head turned, is trying on a necklace of pearls, while the wavy light plays on the pale silk of her skirt, or upon some sculptured frame embrowned by age, where diminutive figures and graceful foliage chase each other in sharp relief; the red-silk hangings, in flower pattern, enfold and harmonize in their bold, grave color all these various masterpieces of beauty and of art.

"In the rear is a small parlor, arranged by his wife, for the young girls and the ladies, virgin in its freshness, all white with light threads of gold which spring out in long rocket-shapes, clustering and flowering, undulating in the cornices and interlaced in delicate arabesque; curtains of pale pink fall gracefully, swathed in lace; arm-chairs of yellow silk, embroidered in floss-flowers,

stretch their twisted feet over the heavy silken carpet, which seems to be made only to receive the little satin slippers and to feel the shiver of the training robes. Here and there, in the angles, green plants with tangled foliage climb all alive among the sparkling gildings, to the very heart of the lights themselves. Arums droop their satin vases from the consoles, and the strange orchids, whose pulp is rosy as woman's flesh, open their pearly breasts, which palpitate at the slightest touch.

"Every thing here is on the same level; almost every man, almost every woman is at the very summit of this civilization and of this society, the one by their toilet and their taste, the others by their rank and culture. They are all like so many hot-house plants, the perfume of which you enjoy as you pass them, and which give out their best as you pass them without further trouble to you than to inhale their perfect fragrance.

"Little do women care for wit, or beauty, or true merit; they acknowledge them, but only with their lips. 'I like him,' that is the word which says every thing, and carries all before it. Very much like the choice of a hat or a ribbon: 'I like it.' This phrase means she finds some secret harmony, some keen delight, the satisfaction of some strange personal desire, extreme, eccentric, even. So an easy carriage, fresh gloves, a gay, witty phrase, a penetrating tone of voice have each their influence; in short, the style of cookery best suited to her palate—in a word, 'I like cherries, I take cherries.'

"At her first ball a young girl asks: 'Did I walk well? Shall I fall if I dance?' At the second: 'Was I thought pretty? Had I a success?' At the third: 'The lights were splendid, the music delicious, I danced every time, my feet went alone, I felt intoxicated.' At the fourth: 'Am I to the taste of M. Anatole d'Urand, who has an uncle in the salt-pork and oil trade?'

"The gardens of the Tuileries are a drawing-room, a drawing-room in the open air, where little girls learn the art, the prettiness, and the wisdom of the world, the art of coqueting, and showing off their little graces without compromising themselves.

"I have just been listening to two of them (seven and ten years old), who had made up their minds to invite a new-comer to join them. They examined her well in the first place; they satisfied themselves that she was of their set in society; then, all at once, with a sprightly toss of their heads, they walked up to the *bonne* with the requisite mixture of assurance and modesty, precisely that of a lady who crosses a drawing-room to address another.

"You know the attitude: the figure slightly bent, the shoulders held gently back, the skirts rounded, and a set smile, as she advances lightly on the tips of her toes, exchanging passing glances with her acquaintances, until the very moment when the two skirts are about to graze each other; at this instant she dips in her dress with a graceful courtesy, her mouth opens like a full-blown rose, an angelic and troubled smile plays around the corners of her flattering, mocking lips, and, all at once, the compliments flow and roll out like a cascade of pearls to meet a flow of compliments of the same kind.

"The little one who settled on this step this morning, had the deliberate, thoughtless air of a coquette of ten years' experience. An utter want of sincerity; she makes use of her impressions, she exaggerates them, she as-

sames them. She is acting a part, affectionate or angry. She is always on the stage; all at once she turns to the *bonne* and coaxes her with little ways, only because it is pretty and becoming to be affectionate. Another has the short, bold manners and style of a horsewoman. A third rolls her eyes, already dreamily, as if in a waltz. They chatter and chirp, spread out their dresses, bend their figures, arrange their curls, just as they will twenty years hence. They have nothing more to learn; they know their trade already; the great trouble for their mothers will now be to hold them in until they are married.

"Is it their fault? Their mothers have taught them to coquette ever since they could walk. Who has ever seen here real children in petticoats or jackets, and good, stout shoes, really merry, rosy, a little tanned by the sun, even with disordered hair, running about and making a noise? That would shock the mother at once; these are the vulgar ways of the children of common people; the most serious of her lessons has been, 'Behave yourself properly.' Her desire has always been that her daughter should do honor to her bringing up; she has always scolded her for getting dirty, for mixing with badly-dressed children; she has encouraged her in her petty, sentimental, or malicious repartees. For her daughter as for herself, she holds perfection to be in grace, in elegance, and in toilet.

"What will they not do for a dress? There is in Paris an old photographer, quite the fashion some five years ago. This man understood the art of notoriety and the display of his wares; he had a shop furnished in the fashion, with Sevres vases and old illustrated books in full-calf bindings, tastefully arranged. By degrees the mania seized him, he became a collector, bought old Sevres, rare books; he kept his carriage, drove to the Bois, went to his shop in his equipage, spent his money royally. Protests, disasters, failure; seven per cent. to the creditors. His wife, formerly a milliner, set up a small dress-making establishment. He gives advice, the tide of fashion sets in, they take a first story on the boulevard. To-day he again drives his carriage, and women do all sorts of mean things to be dressed by him. This little dry, dark, nervous creature, who looks like a dwarf burned in the fire, receives them in his loose velvet coat, proudly stretched out on his divan, a cigar in his mouth. He says to them: 'Walk, turn round; well; come back in a week. I will compose you a suitable toilet.' It is not they who choose; it is he; they are only too happy—and to be served by himself a personal introduction is necessary. Madame Françoise B—, a lady of the best society, an elegant woman, went to him last month to order a dress. 'Madame, by whom are you presented to me?'—'What do you mean?'—'I mean that I dress no one who is not presented to me.' She left, stifling with indignation. Others remain, saying: 'Let him be rude as he likes, provided he dress me.' After all, the 'tip-top' go to him.' Some of these, his favorites, visit him for inspection before going to balls. He gives little tea-parties at ten o'clock. To those who express their surprise, he replies: 'I am a great artist; I have Delacroix's feeling for color, and I compose. A toilet is worth a picture any day.' If you lose your patience with his exactions: 'Sir, in every artist there is something of the Napoleon. When Monsieur Ingres was painting the Duchess of A—he wrote to her one morning: 'Madame, I must see you this evening at the theatre in white, with a rose in the middle

of your head-dress.' The duchess countermanded her invitations, put on the dress, sent out for the head-dress, and went to the theatre. Art is divine; the bourgeois are made to take our orders.'

"Suppress the head-dresses, the toilets, the rank; all outside equipments, and take a look at the interior being. The interior being is a sharp little hussar, a knowing, bold young scamp whom nothing disconcerts, in whom the sentiment of respect is wholly wanting, and who believes himself the equal of all. Petticoats are not in question: it is the soul we are looking at. When we think we are teaching them timidity at home, they only catch an imitation of it, and even this mask cracks after three months of marriage and society; their ideas come too quickly, too clearly; instantaneously the will is complete, and the action springs from it. They must command, or at least be independent.

"Subordination stifles them; they beat themselves against rules as a bird against the bars of his cage.

"For example: the husband walks up and down the room, asking himself how he shall spend his evening; the wife gets nervous, jumps up as though moved by springs, and says, with her short, sharp voice: 'Why do you turn about as though you were in a cage? Will you ever be done? Just like you men, busybodies, who never make up their minds.' Her mind is made up; she cannot understand how one can waver in such indecision.

"The father, at table, said that he liked, I forget what; the daughter interrupts him—'Papa, you are like me.' At sixteen, she has made herself the central figure involuntarily; she sees every thing as it affects herself, her father as well as the rest. The last child, a baby three years old, is playing with her doll in her corner; her uncle comes in and asks her what she is doing; 'Uncle, open your eyes: you will see.' Though only three years old, she has already made her uncle feel that her uncle is a fool.

"On the other hand, I saw one of these women, the day of a great failure, when the men remained in their chairs struck with consternation, their arms hanging and lifeless, draw herself up and say: 'Crying will do no good; what we want is bread for the children: I will keep the accounts. Charles, go for the books and we will write them up.'

"See again in Raffet that poor *visandière* whose son was killed by a ball; she does not stop to cry; she picks up the musket, bites off a cartouch; her teeth are set, she takes aim: 'Oh, the rascals!'

"An English or a German woman would have wept, have thought of God, of the next world, etc. She behaved like a man.

"In fact, woman in France is a man, but a man passed through the crucible, fined down and concentrated. They have our imitation, our military vivacity, our taste for society, our love of display, our craving for amusement, but with more nerve and enthusiasm.

"Hence, they require the same employments that we do, only of a finer order, those where the passions are controlled, where characters are observed, where there are struggle and victory, not brutally and by main force, but by address and skill.

"True modesty, virginal and perfect candor, blushing timidity, startled delicacy, are either entirely absent in their characters, or are lost early. They are flowers, if you choose, but flowers which open at the first warmth of the sun; at the second they are already over-

blown; the young girl disappears, the woman remains, and too often this woman is almost a man, sometimes more than a man. From the age of fourteen they practise upon their families or their fathers.

"My friend B—, a physician, heard his daughter say one evening that she wanted to go to the marriage *soirée* of one of her friends.

"But you have had fever this morning!"

"No matter for that."

"But you are still in bed, and shivering!"

"I shall wrap up warmly."

"Louise, the fever will return!"

"Papa, if I do not go, I shall have the fever of rage."

"My dear child, I never heard of the fever of rage; it will be a new variety to announce. I will write a fine account of it, and be chosen to the Academy."

"Papa, I must go."

"The father yielded; where is the will of fifty that can resist the will of twenty? She returned home worn out at one o'clock in the morning, and the fever set in again. The poor man was up every hour of the night, watching her, giving her cooling draughts. He had gone up fifty-seven pairs of stairs in the course of the day, and the next morning when I saw him, he looked as though he had been disinterred.

"They are too intelligent, too soon awakened and disenchanted, too quick to see the weak and ridiculous sides of things. On the other hand they are too self-willed; their desires are too violent and too numerous; beyond all, their craving for flattery, for admiration, and for pleasing and strong sensations, is too eager and overruling. Profound and sublime sentiment, and native simplicity, which bring willing subordination, are alike wanting. They are above and below obedience, incapable of submission to authority, or of respect for any thing.

"This is why the sole object of education is to check their growth, to hold them back, to hinder the growth of their wings. I know families where young men are not admitted for fear that ideas may be awakened; only the promised husband when accepted by the parents. Madame de M— said to me with pride:

"Never has my daughter (she is twenty) gone out alone, nor passed an hour alone, night or day, out of my sight, or that of her governess."

"All this reminds us that we are the neighbors of Italy. The climate ripens them too early and unbridles the imagination. Hence the convent, the real convent as in southern countries, or the home arranged like a convent. Where self-control is wanting, some other control is necessary; instead of personal supervision, forced confinement. The same rule holds good in politics: the gendarme outside is all the more disagreeable because of the want of vigilance of the gendarme within.

"My poor B— pretends that in certain boarding-schools all professors have been suppressed, even the old and ugly. There was found written in the copy-books of the little girls, 'I love you, I adore you,' addressed to those poor shams. Besides, a young girl's boarding-school is a school of coquetry. Emulation, which is good for men, is pernicious for women; they are rivals in their compositions as in their toilets; their vanity and inquisitiveness grow enormous, and then down they come upon the husband.

"Look at them after two years of marriage and you will see what was hatching under this modest appearance. Madame B— had three

dughters, she has brought them up in the Catholic faith, she has broken them in; she kept them all three in a sleeping-room without fire, bent over their geography and glued to their tapestry. I saw their modest faces, their downcast eyes, their humbled demeanor. In a year's time the little serpent stretched itself out, stood up on its tail and hissed. The eldest, who was mute, now chatters endlessly, snaps and snarls from under her husband's wing; no one puts such venom in a compliment as she; her repartee reminds you of Figaro and Dorine. The youngest, who has married a humanitarian politician, chants philosophic and religious motets at table, after his model; reasons upon the sciences, starts general ideas; this becomes her art as well as a pair of trousers; you are reminded of the whistling imitations of the parrot; the husband's ideas are there, to be sure, but spoiled, distorted in unnatural shapes. He has overflowed. She catches and scatters the droppings of his abundance. She has just finished a pamphlet on the improvement and future of woman. The third, an angel, spent a week at Brighton with an officer—and when I knew her she was so naively innocent, yes, a chrysalis."

Blackwood opens a paper upon "Fashions and Tricks of Speech" as follows:

"This is an age of education—a very paradise of educators, such as surely the world never saw before. Education is the prevailing, all-absorbing topic, the universal panacea. Society, from the highest to the lowest, is stirred by it and permeated with it; politicians make a cry of it; commissioners grow great men upon it; inspectors report upon it; school boards quarrel over it; denominations make it their battle-field; professors prose; women declaim on it; newspapers write leaders, and the public reads them. The press, in abandoning its columns to the exponents of different views, assumes an interest so absolutely universal, that the reader who hastily averts his eyes is visited with a sense of disgrace in dropping off and flagging out of the noble enthusiasm. Nor can indolence escape the prevailing theme by mere change of column. Unlikely corners are full of it. In the police reports it lights, as it were, on a fellow-delinquent—another struggler against the mighty current—in the widowed charwoman haled before the magistrates for keeping her little boy from school to nurse the baby while she criminally absents herself to procure her children's merely physical necessities. But the temper induced by weariness, or any other quarrel with a subject, is necessarily peevish and captious. The charwoman, no doubt, has some certain things to say on her side of the question; and the reader looks about for reasons and becomes self-justificative. Perhaps circumstances, as little as inclination, throw him in the way of occasions arranged for the display of newly-acquired knowledge; or examinations and other contrivances for testing progress and showing results do not impress him as conclusive testimonies of success. The ultimate end of all education, he argues, is something very different from mere acquirement: it should be a universal influence, and pervade the whole being. We should know an educated person by a sort of fragrance of cultivation. A society of thoroughly-educated persons should stand in high relief against the more slovenly or circumscribed training of a past day—the object of so much ridicule and vituperation. The grand educational effort has been going on long enough to tell upon

those subjected to it. The youth of our social circles should shine out in happy contrast with the young men and women of the more careless generation gone by. We should see a conspicuous not-to-be-disputed improvement in the subjects that occupy their thoughts; and, above all, in their powers of expression. The boasted improvement in education should tell upon their diction. It should endow the scholar with words to the purpose, whatever the topic, grave or gay, trifling or important.

"The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The aliphod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretense and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their fingertips, with the ignorance, or accidental picking up of knowledge, which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and, as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need, at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers—is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers? do they express their meaning with greater nicety? nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex, who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms, which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation, pass unproved? The present régime not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help toward clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed from the seclusion of the school-room, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will impress her with awe as

well as an eager curiosity, held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares: she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere school-boy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman? She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous? How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify? Thought dies if it has no means of expression. It is really a grand power to have something to say, and to be able to say it. This it is to be educated; but the something to say fades out of being and consciousness, if adequate speech be wanting.

"What a struggle to express thought we detect in any one who, having abandoned himself to the formulas in vogue, tries to choose words for himself, and to say really what he thinks and means! The school-boy who indolently takes refuge in slang—or what is much worse than slang, the current phrase of the hour—to save himself trouble, cuts his rhetorical wings for good and all. Words are a bondage. They cannot be taken up and cast off at pleasure. The person who contents himself with unmeaning epithets or terms that merely express likes and dislikes without reason, is destroying his powers of discrimination. The girl who finds every thing horrid or jolly is uneducating herself, neutralizing her life's work, and putting herself intellectually below one with none of her 'advantages,' but who uses her mind and ear to define her thoughts with accuracy and propriety. There is something painful in watching the process of deterioration, the suppression of thought, the smothering of imagination, which are the consequences of adopting a rude and conventional phraseology—one that throws the labor of interpretation on the listener. After some experience of the verbal freemasonry current among our young people, and observing how prone the young ladies of our day are to borrow the jargon of brothers and cousins, we are sometimes disposed to think the past century had something to say for itself in treating girls' schools as places in which not so much to learn as to unlearn, to be cured of awkwardnesses, and to get rid of vulgarisms."

Notices.

ART-WORKERS IN SILVER.—THE GORHAM COMPANY, established 1831. Bridal, Christening, Birthday, and Household Silver. The most extensive and brilliant collection to be found in the city. Salesrooms, No. 1 Bond Street, near Broadway.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray Street, New York.

TO RAILWAY TRAVELERS.—In order to save trouble and anxiety in reference to which route to select previous to commencing your journey, be careful and purchase a copy of APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE. Thousands and tens of thousands of Railway Travelers would as soon think of starting on their journey without their baggage as without a copy of the GUIDE. Price, 25 cents. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.